

Sports Illustrated



FEBRUARY 11, 1963

25 CENTS

**TEEN
SKI
CHAMPION**
CATHY NAGEL

Viceroy's
got

the taste
that's right!



Smoke all 7 filter brands and you'll agree: some taste as if they had no filter at all...others filter the fun and flavor out of smoking. But Viceroy tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste!

not too strong...not too light...

Viceroy's got the
taste that's right!

gū's'tō

What does it mean, anyway?

Webster's says, "Keen or zestful appreciation; high relish or enjoyment."

Funk & Wagnalls say, "Keen enjoyment; relish; zest."

Beer lovers say, "Schlitz."

"Just the kiss of the hops" brings the character of Schlitz to life. Gently breathes real gusto into this great light beer.

But if you really want to know what gusto is, reading a dictionary won't explain it half so well as drinking a Schlitz. Now?

Schlitz—the beer that made Milwaukee famous . . . simply because it tastes so good.



© 1988 Schlitz Brewing Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., Brewed in U.S.A.
Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.

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Next week

A UNIQUE SWING has enabled 1961 PGA Champion Jerry Barber to develop one of golf's latest short games. Part 1 of a two-part instructional shows his pitching technique.

SURVIVING is not really a sport. It is more an affliction. It gets to a man's blood and to his dreams. Golec Puzos diagnoses the disease but has nothing to prescribe for the cure.

WHAT'S WRONG with tennis? Why has a game played by more people than ever before become less and less exciting to watch and to talk about? Some inquiries, some answers.

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401. New Interpretations of the 12th Century Classical 12" LP, 1954	402. Includes the entire of the 12th Century Classical 12" LP, 1954	403. "The 12th Century" Classical 12" LP, 1954
THE GREAT BENNY GOODMAN with Classical 12" LP, 1954	FRANCESCATI Piano with 12th Century Classical 12" LP, 1954	GEORGE MARSHALL Portrait in Music Classical 12" LP, 1954
398. Bluegrass Classical 12" LP, 1954	404. Includes the entire of the 12th Century Classical 12" LP, 1954	405. The 12th Century Classical 12" LP, 1954
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THE MILD, EVEN CLIMATE in San Diego County means you can play virtually every day of the year on the 38 golf courses in the area. Here at the beautiful Torrey Pines Course, the Pacific Ocean provides a magnificent backdrop for challenging championship holes.

The ocean shoreline curves away to the south and out to a paper smooth horizon. Cliffs plunge in a sheer drop to a broad white beach below. To the east are mountains, blue in the distance, rising rough-edged against the sky at the beginning

of the wide coastal plain. The golf course and a nearby state park are named for the unique Torrey Pine, which is found only here and on tiny Santa Rosa Island.

Besides golf, San Diego Land offers year 'round tennis, riding, boating, shuffleboard and other sports.

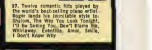
There is only a 12° difference between summer and winter average high temperatures, sea breezes are almost constant, and the sun shines 353 days a year.

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The exclusive design features in Wilson Staff golf clubs help great professionals like Sam Snead, Billy Casper, Cary Middlecoff, Arnold Palmer and Billy Maxwell* compile some of the greatest winning records in golf!

Wilson's exclusive Strata-Bloc® woods have helped Sam Snead win three PGA Championships, three Masters Championships and more tournaments than any other player in golf history!

Wilson's exclusive Dynapower irons have helped Cary Middlecoff win two U.S. Open Championships and one Masters Championship, as well as many other titles.

And Wilson's perfectly-matched shafts have helped former U.S. Open Champion Billy Casper become one of golf's all-time leading money winners!

The same exclusive features that these great stars have field-tested and used are now available to you in new 1983 Wilson Staff woods and irons. See them now at your golf professional shop.

*Members of the Wilson Golf Advisory Staff.

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Sunday, May 5, NBC-TV



1

"First perfectly-matched clubs in golf history."

—Billy Casper,
former U.S. Open Champion

"Wilson's perfectly-matched shafts help you get the consistently good timing you need to play winning golf. Wilson helps you time your swing to hit the ball at the same instant with every club in the bag."



First truly matched set. Wilson Staff clubs are first with every shaft matched in flex-action to the weight of its club head. Diagram shows how shaft-flex point stays down on each club, proof that Wilson compensates for the change in weight between club heads, because club heads increase in weight as they increase in loft.

"Ordinary" sets are only half-matched. Diagram shows how identical shafts are used for more than one club head in the set.

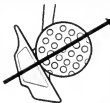


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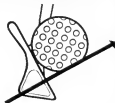
"Wilson Staff Dynapower irons put club head weight behind the ball."

—Cary Middlecoff, former
U.S. Open - Masters Champion

"Wilson's exclusive Dynapower iron design helps you get more distance and greater control—because club head weight is behind the ball as it rides up the club face before taking off."



Wilson Dynapower principle flares club head weight behind the ball to increase effective hitting area.



"Ordinary" irons waste power with improper weight distribution that minimizes effective hitting area.



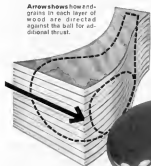
3

"Wilson Strata-Bloc woods can't warp, swell or split."

—Sam Snead, former
Masters - PGA Champion

"You've got to go for distance if you want to be in the front row when they hand out the prize money. Wilson's Strata-Bloc woods help you get more distance than ordinary woods because they direct the strong end-grains against the ball for more power."

Arrow shows how end-grains in each layer of wood are directed against the ball for additional thrust.



Handeomely finished Strata-Bloc woods seal out moisture, seal in perfect balance. Wilson Strata-Bloc woods won't warp, swell or split—ever.



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(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

SCORECARD

TRIBULATION IN TOKYO

As last week ended, with the Olympic Games of 1964 a mere 600 days or so away, Japan was searching frantically for someone to accept the presidency of its Olympic organizing committee. There were no eager candidates. If ever the head of an organization seems certain to lose face, including both ears, it will be this one. Preparation for the Games is not precisely proceeding apace.

"Regretably," says Shogoro Iwawashima, cabinet minister in charge of the Olympics, "Olympic preparations are behind in all aspects." Tokyo's *Mainichi Shinbun* editorialized: "At the rate preparations are moving, we must be gravely concerned."

Tokyo's traffic problem is the world's worst. Olympic road-building plans call for 22 access roads and four main highways totaling 73 miles to be built at a cost of \$420 million. So far none of the roads are open and last year less than half the target deadlines for road construction were met. One reason is that Japan has no law enabling the government to acquire property by condemnation. Speculators bought up plots astride proposed rights of way and held out for exorbitant prices. Then there were 50,000 families who had to be moved to equivalent accommodations in land-short Tokyo. The 13-mile expressway from Haneda airport to downtown Tokyo was held up while fishermen demanded \$91 million for the land on which they built their shacks and stored their nets.

Biggest problem of all is housing. The Japanese expect 30,000 visitors. In Tokyo and a 50-mile radius there are only 11,460 beds in Western-style hotels, 4,760 in suitable Japanese inns. Another 7,000 rooms are planned, leaving a staggering shortage of 7,000 beds. This takes no account of the thousands of Japanese who will flow into Tokyo for the Games, but no one is worrying about them. "The Japanese are used to a Spartan life," a hotel manager blandly explained.

Then there's the matter of tickets. The Japanese have decreed that no foreigner may buy a ticket until he can show proof

of guaranteed housing. "It's a vicious circle," a despairing travel agent wailed. "Clients will not pay a \$9.40 deposit on rooms unless they're sure of a ticket and the organizing committee says it won't sell tickets until rooms are paid for. Something will have to give."

Something like the new president, poor fellow. Chosen this week, he turned out to be Daigoro Yasukawa, utilities magnate. Asked why he took the job, he said somebody pushed him.

BIG-CITY FARMERS

Since Lee MacPhail left the New York Yankees for the Baltimore Orioles in 1959 the fine Yankee farm system has been crumbling. In 1962 its seven teams posted a combined won-lost record of 385-510, giving the mighty Yankees undisputed possession of 20th and last place in the "farm club" standings. They were 53 games deeper in the red (below .500) than the 19th-place team, Kansas City. One baseball student who follows the Yankee organization closely suggests that the parent front office seems hardly to think of the farm teams anymore. Thus, Richmond, Va., one of the Yankees' top minor league affiliates, had muscled no team to speak of until the Yanks, as a sort of afterthought, shipped along a stack of players the day before the season opened. The idea seems to be that there is no need for winners down on the farm as long as you develop one or two players for the varsity.

Question: How much longer can the Yankees come up with varsity-strengthening players from a losing farm system? And how are the farmhands to develop the winning Yankee spirit playing with losers?

THE CONFORMIST

Jacques Plante, Montreal Canadian goalie, has a scientifically suspicious mind. He recently began to wonder about the size of hockey nets in different arenas, and from wondering it was only a short step to measuring. Plante said he found the nets in New York and Boston three inches lower than those at home,

Nets in Detroit, he discovered, were wider than in Montreal.

Plante's work has led to measuring tapes being brought out all over National Hockey League cities. President Clarence Campbell of the NHL, threatening fines, has now warned all referees to keep tapes in their pockets. "The measure," he says, "is an integral part of a referee's equipment—just as much as his whistle." Campbell himself discovered that not only are the nets too low in some places but in Chicago the goal frames are less than official height and in one of the corner circles in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens one of the blue lines is two inches wider than the others.

RABBIT RARITY

Robert Vander Wiele has been hunter and fisherman for as long as he can remember. When he was 4 years old he came home with a rabbit and said, "Mommy, look what I shot." This was odd because the lad had no gun. His father buried the rabbit but Bobby found the spot, exhumed his prize and came



in again, carrying the rabbit and repeating, "Mommy, look what I shot."

At a county fair his father paid a quarter so Bobby could fish in a tank. Bobby caught the biggest trout of all. At the age of 10 he got his junior hunting license and went out with two veteran hunters. When the first pheasant got up, Bobby brought it down before his elders could even raise their guns.

Now, at 11, he has pulled a coup that will make him the envy of all boys the

continued



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When swimming, sunbathing and sightseeing are done for the day, come aboard a sleek catamaran to sail the quiet sea off Waikiki.

nation over. Bobby came home from school the other day, put on his rubber boots and went to play at the brook that runs through his family's farm at Readington, N.J. The nameless stream is 10 feet wide at its widest, but Bobby catches suckers and catfish there in summer. This time he saw an enormous fish which, he said later, seemed "pooped." He ran into the water, kicked the fish on the head several times and lugged it home. It was a striped bass 46 inches long.

Mrs. Vander Wiele telephoned the *Hunterdon County Democrat*. A picture of Bobby holding his big fish appeared on Page One, but the story hinted that Bobby's father might have sneaked the fish into the brook. Mrs. Vander Wiele was furious, looking her accusations straight in the eye and saying, "We're not that kind of people." Others hinted that if his father hadn't put it there somebody else had.

We stopped our investigation after being convinced that Bobby's parents had nothing to do with it. The stream had been in flood two days before, and striped bass do go up rivers from the sea. We prefer to believe that this giant striped left the ocean, swam through lower New York bay, entered the Raritan River, moved 35 miles upstream to the North Branch and then five miles to the mouth of the brook, finally fought its way up the brook until it came to rest in the arms of a small boy.

FINANCIAL REPORT

There was no bargain basement rush last week when Championship Sports, Inc. opened bidding for ancillary rights to the April 4 Patterson-Lisson rematch in Miami Beach. Only three offers were made, none from old-line closed-circuit companies, which isn't at all surprising considering the size of the egg laid by last September's heavyweight title bout. The hypothetical prize went to SportsVision Inc., a recently formed corporation, owned jointly by two high-finance experts, Frederic H. Brooks and Roy Garcia, former business associates of Roy M. Cohn, who is part owner of Championship Sports.

They don't appear to be taking much of a flyer. SVI will have no guarantee to worry about. In fact, the closed-circuit company will take \$75,000 off the top and 22½% of the balance. Sonny, Floyd and CSI will divide what's left (probably 30-30 for the fighters and 40% for CSI).

continued



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SCORECARD

"We got our closed-circuit bloodying in the first fight," says Brooks, who was financial guarantor for theater TV in that fight. "It hurt, but we like the business and so we came back to try again."

They wound up losing about \$50,000 that time. The Government seized the telecast money and didn't release the major portion (CSI is still waiting for \$600,000) until all agreed to dissolve a deferred payment plan which would have spread the money, for tax purposes, over a 17-year period.

Brooks and Garcia may now be encouraged by preliminary negotiations for foreign and domestic radio rights, along with sale of the films to movie distributors. All these rights could bring in as much as \$1.5 million. Pleased by the quick signing of over 100 theaters, SVI now believes it may have as many as 175 locations with a capacity of 600,000 seats.

The problem, admits Brooks, is to fill those seats.

RETURN

St. Joseph's College (Philadelphia) quietly readmitted John Egan, Vincent Kempton and Frank Majewski as students last week. They were the three basketball players expelled after involvement in the point-shaving scandals of two years ago (SI, May 8, 1961), when each had but one semester to complete for his degree. The college's decision was taken partly in the name of rehabilitation, but partly too, perhaps, out of a sense of responsibility for what had happened to athletes it recruited. No college felt worse about the scandal than little St. Joe's. Its team, which went all the way to the NCAA semifinals, had been its pride. Dishonor was bitter. Courage was needed to readmit the three players, thus reviving public memory of an almost forgotten incident, just as it took courage for Egan, Kempton and Majewski to sit down in class last week.

THEY SAID IT

- Dan, 9-year-old son of Frank Broyles' Arkansas football coach. "I want to go to Texas if I'm good enough, but if I'm not, I want to play for you, Dad."
- Joe Haynes, former pitcher, now Minnesota Twins vice-president, on the new strike zone: "If called close there might not be a .300 batter in the American League this year. Last year under the old rules there were only nine batters who could hit .300."

END



Will he roll strike after strike like Buzz Fazio?

There's a lot of brawler packed into the 5'6", 140-pound frame of Buzz Fazio. He's proved it more than once—by beating the best in the big championships, by coming out first in the world's endurance classic, by rolling many a perfect 300 game.

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Never before has physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, been more important

than it is today. President Kennedy has stated: "The strength of our democracy is no greater than the collective well-being of our people...the level of physical fitness of every American citizen must be our constant concern."

To support the President's program, Equitable has prepared a special motion picture: "Youth Physical Fitness—A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to interested community groups, contact your nearest Equitable office, or write to: James F. Oates, Jr., President, at the Equitable home office.

For an attractive 7 1/4 x 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, Buzz Fazio, to Equitable, GPO Box 1838, N.Y. 1, N.Y.



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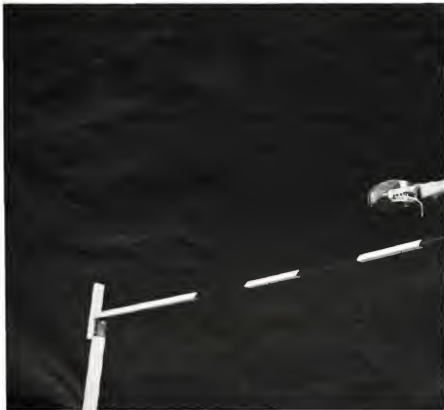
A FLYING START FOR

We are a bit off form, you know," said Gabriel Korobkov, the ruddy-faced coach of the Soviet three-man track team which last week began a month-long U.S. indoor campaign with a splash never before equaled by a foreign invader. "It is too soon in the year for us to be ready because our competitive season has not started yet," Korobkov added.

Korobkov's soft talk proved to be a massive piece of diplomatic subterfuge

that must have turned even the most demanding Kremlin official pink with pleasure. As the indoor season got under way in earnest before 16,000 shocked spectators at the Millrose Games in New York, the trio of Soviet athletes—High Jumper Valeri Brumel (SI, Feb. 4), Broad Jumper Igor Ter-Ovanesyan (SI, Aug. 6, 1962) and Middle-distance Runner Valeri Bulyshev—delivered a blow to U.S. track prestige that may take all

Mark Schindler



THE U.S.S.R.

winter to absorb. Furthermore, their depredations on U.S. soil were only part of a sad evening's tale. Canada's inexhaustible Bruce Kidd won the two miles in the spectacular time of 8:41, the second best clocking ever indoors. Germany's Jutta Heine (51, Jan. 28) and Maria Jelebmann won the women's sprint and 440. Even John Uelses, who won the pole vault at 16 feet 1, was born in Berlin.

But primarily it was U.S.S.R. night

at Madison Square Garden. Ter-Ovanesyan, the dark-haired, debonair physical ed student who had never before beaten Ralph Boston, defeated his old nemesis by exactly one foot, setting a world indoor record of 26 feet 10 inches in the process. It was Ter's first victory over any American opponent in nine tries. Bulyshv, who combines the handsome looks of an animated James Mason with a deceptively smooth running style,

They weren't really in condition, protested three Russian trackmen, but they jolted U.S. prestige with three brilliant wins by GWILYM S. BROWN

seemed perfectly at home on boards, which he was trying for the first time. In warming, he clocked 1:50.8, the fifth fastest 380 ever run indoors. And world record high jumper Valeri Brumel leaped 7 feet 2 to score his seventh consecutive victory over American John Thomas. The Russians' visit could hardly have gotten off to a better start, and there were very good reasons why.

On their last winter invasion here in

continued

Russian legend champion high jumper Valeri Brumel kicks and runs over crossbar to win in 7-foot-2 effort over U.S.'s John Thomas





Smiling D'Hare accepts kudos after mile win



Ter-Ovanesyan takes off on record broad jump

1961 the Russians made the mistake of arriving only 72 hours before their first meet, and, except for Brumel, not at prime condition. In three meets Brumel turned in some memorable performances, including a record leap of 7 feet 3½, but Ter-Ovanesyan was unsure of himself in his first meet and fouled on all six of his tries. Stunned down, he lost to Boston after a superb try in the AAL indoor championships. Yevgeny Mosotkov, the group's long-distance entry, never did get going.

This time the trip was planned with considerably more care, and its propaganda value may prove immense. The Russians arrived in New York a full eight days early. Obviously, they wanted to adjust to U.S. conditions, but there may have been an additional reason, to allow Korobkov time to bail the opposition into a false sense of security. Korobkov and company shipped out of town and up to New Haven where Yale University has an 11-laps-to-the-mile indoor board track. Shortly afterwards Yale Track Coach Bob Giegengack sounded a word of warning back to New York.

"Look," said a concerned Giegengack, "there seems to be some misunderstanding about just what kind of shape these boys are in. From what I've seen up here I can tell you they're in good shape. They're not behind anybody."

What Giegengack saw the Russians do was almost nothing, but to his knowing track eye this meant everything. Bulyshev took only one spin around the board track and, feeling that one lap on boards was sufficient preparation for his first race, limited himself to light jogging on cinders for the rest of the week. Brumel and Ter worked out very lightly. They spent most of their time sleeping and hardly ever glanced at a crossbar or a jumping pit.

"They did exactly what I tell my boys to do when they're in good competitive condition," said Giegengack. "Just kept loose."

It was Bulyshev who gave first notice of how loose the Russians were. His long, brown hair flowing out behind him, his knees kicking high in front, he settled neatly—and, for a while, meekly—into third place in the Millrose 880. Ernie Cunliffe, a strong runner who must set a fast early pace because he has no finishing kick, jumped into the lead at the start, with Jim Dupree, the 1962 NCAA champion from Southern Illi-

nois, right after him. Apparently unconvinced by Bulyshev's credentials—he finished second in the 800 meters at the European championships last summer—the two front-runners challenged for the lead, trying to kill each other off. But as the gun for the last lap sounded, Bulyshev came to life. He swept by Dupree on the backstretch and charged up behind Cunliffe as the two came into the last turn. Tiring badly, Cunliffe made the tactical error of swinging wide off the turn. Bulyshev pounced at the opening like a subway rider after an empty seat, grabbed the inside lane and led Cunliffe to the finish by three yards.

"The time was good, no?" cheered Bulyshev through Interpreter Korobkov. "But I was not out to run a title, I was out to run a race."

"I'm afraid Jim and I completely discounted the Russian," Cunliffe admitted. "We lost our edge fighting each other. But don't discount his race. That's a terrific time indoors."

In three of the five previous meetings between Boston and Ter-Ovanesyan, the American had to break records to win. After Ter's fantastic second jump on Saturday night, Boston faced up to the old challenge bravely, but this time without his usual competitive tools. Ter's advantage proved too much.

"I've been doing sprints and light technique work," Boston reported from Los Angeles, where he is a research technician in metabolic medicine at Mt. Sinai Hospital. "But I haven't jumped for distance in two and a half months. I've been aiming for the Pan Am Games in April."

Boston's lack of preparation hurt him. He leaped 25 feet 10 on his first attempt and two inches less on his last, but he fouled on all four of his intervening jumps. Ter-Ovanesyan fouled twice and passed once, but the second jump was all he needed. An extremely springy runner, he hurtled down the runway, slammed his right foot into the white takeoff board and actually may have landed 28 feet away, almost a foot farther than his world outdoor record of 27 feet 3 inches. However, as he plunged feet first into the black dirt of the landing pit, Ter lost his balance for a moment and fell back. This cost him perhaps a foot, perhaps more. Even so, his jump topped Boston's former indoor mark by 3¼ inches.

Igor was satisfied but not particularly

elated with his first victory over Boston. "Sure I felt I could beat him," Ter-Ovanesyan, who needs no interpreter, said. "If I didn't feel that way I never would have a chance against him."

John Thomas, meanwhile, was putting up a dogged struggle to prevent a Russian sweep. The tall Negro cleared 7 feet on his first try. When Brumel brushed the bar going over on his first attempt and brought it down on top of him, the crowd, hungry for an upset, cheered loudly. But their joy did not last. With a casual flip of his right hand to indicate to officials that he was ready, Brumel made a slow, shuffling half-circle to the top of his run-up, suddenly shifted into a sprint and with one aggressive bound and roll was up and over. After Thomas had missed his first try at 7 feet 1, Brumel cleanly cleared that height as well. Thomas made 7 feet 1 on his second attempt, but it was the highest he had scaled since 1961 and he was capable of going no higher. Almost arrogantly, Brumel sailed over 7 feet 2, then permitted himself a slight smile and a languid wave to the crowd. The Russian sweep was complete.

The Russians—who will compete this week in Los Angeles and stay on through the National Championships on February 23—may well dominate the indoor season, but Millrose spectators could still relish a fine performance by wispy Tom O'Hara, a native of Chicago and a junior at Loyola University. O'Hara, 20, is a 5-foot-9, 130-pound redhead whose torso is frail but whose legs have the thick muscular development of a sprinter. His speed and his ability to withstand punishing workouts probably will bring him a sub-4-minute mile before the winter is over. Last year he chased Jim Beatty to 3:59.7 and 4:00.9 indoor miles, and Friday he pounded past Cary Weisiger coming out of the last turn to win the Wanamaker Mile by three yards in an excellent 4:01.5.

"If he didn't look as if he was in the 10th grade I wouldn't feel so bad," fumed Weisiger, "but I never dreamed I'd run under 4:02 here tonight and lose." Many another American and world miler is going to be surprised by O'Hara, who has been running for only four years but who already looks like one of the best distance runners ever developed in the U.S. **END**



Pleased Bulshev waves to crowd after 880.

PAYDAY ON THE SENIOR CIRCUIT

When the old pros gathered for the PGA Seniors' championship there was conviviality aplenty, but there was nothing casual about the \$30,000 purse or the sprightly golf that won it

by ROBERT CREAMER



Two things make the PGA Seniors' Teacher Trophy tournament unique. One is that it is a championship limited to professional golfers who are 50 or older. The second is that it is the only golf tournament left in this country where you can hear deep Scottish accents on all sides. In the old days, when every golf course worth its bunkers had an imported Scotsman as club professional, the burr-r-rs around the greens were as thick as gorse and you didn't rate as a top golfer unless you were named Willie. Now all the Willies play baseball, and most of the old Scotsmen have either gone to the great pro shop in the sky or retired to Florida, where they come out of the orange groves once a year to play a little golf with their friends, talk Scotch and drink same.

When the PGA Seniors' began in 1937 it was really a revival meeting of the Bobby Burns Society, but now the Hushchons, McLeods, Watsons, Crichtons and the rest are pretty well confined to reminiscing and competing for the prizes put up in the special divisions for the older of the older golfers. The trophies and the bulk of the cash go to the young pups in their 50s. They—the kids who have been competing in the Seniors' for only a few years—play first-rate golf, and the reason is simply that they are first-rate competitive golfers who happen to have aged a bit. Anyone who followed golf in the '30s and '40s is bound to get a little jolt—half shock at the passage of time and half delight at the recognition of the familiar—when he discovers that not only are Gene Sarazen and Paul Runyan seniors (each is a two-time winner of the Seniors' title), but so are Jimmy Demaret, Tony Manero, Herman Barron, Dick Metz, Horton Smith, Henry Ransom, Duke Gibson, Tony Penna, Vic Ghezzi, Jimmy Thomson, Jim Turnesa, Tom Creavy and a fairwayful of others, including Ben Hogan and Sam Snead, both of whom were eligible this year but neither of whom entered. Hogan wrote that he was not in good physical condition and couldn't play, and Snead said he would be busy, possibly

opening a new branch of the U.S. Mini A tournament official said, "I don't think Sam wants to admit that he's old enough to be a senior."

For that matter, Demaret didn't show either this year, though he had filed an entry. "I don't know where he is," said Tom Crimmins, the tournament director, but then word came that Jimmy and Sam were playing with the younger set at Palm Springs. Crimmins shook his head. "They'd win more money here," he said. Crimmins probably was right. Demaret and Snead finished nowhere at Palm Springs.

In the 10 years that Teacher's Scotch has been sponsoring the Seniors' tournament with the PGA the purse has steadily risen, until this year it totaled \$30,000, with \$2,500 to the winner. In addition, the winner gets a trip to Great Britain to play the holder of the British seniors' title for what is known as the world seniors' championship. On top of that, he gets a fine fee for appearing in Teacher's advertisements during the year. Paul Runyan, who won both the U.S. and world seniors' titles in 1961 and 1962, said that, all in all, they are his biggest purses in a career that includes two PGA championship victories. What's the matter with you, Sam?

The size and playing quality of the Seniors' field has grown as steadily as the purses—these may be old professionals, but they are still professionals. This year the starting field numbered close to 400 and included some very good golfers, among them a semilegend of a man named John Barnum. Barnum, 51, is a huge, amiable hulk (6 feet 4, 230 pounds) with a friendly face and a deep voice that he keeps tuned low. He did not turn professional until he was 36 years old. Last year he led the first round of the PGA Championship—the regular one, not the Seniors'—with a 66, and in November he became the first senior golfer ever to win a major tournament on the professional golf tour when his 270 won the Cujon Classic. Barnum was the glamour man at Port St. Lucie, Fla. last week even before he turned in his

first-round score of 66. He hits a golf ball so far that he stands out among the seniors, and he is so big and genial in appearance he looks like your next-door neighbor, the one the kids take to because he's good at fixing broken bats and old bicycles and doesn't ask them how they're doing in school—that everyone likes him.

Barnum started out 66-68 for 134, which Arnold Palmer wouldn't have thrown back, and Herman Barron, who walks around a golf course with the springy bounce of a rubber ball, did the same with two 67s. Ernie Ball, a trim little English-born pro whose great-uncle John won the British Open in 1890 and was eight times British Amateur champion, followed a 71 with an eight-under-par 64 for a 135, but Ernie blew to 73 on Saturday. Barnum had a 69 on Saturday, and so did Barron, to maintain the tie at 203, a stroke ahead of Henry Ransom, the gentlemanly Texan who coaches golf at Texas A&M. On Sunday it was Barron, peppy and distinguished as ever—Teacher's ad agency should be pleased—who was able to produce yet another good round. His three-under-par 69 gave him a 272 and a record low score for the Seniors'. He beat Barnum by two strokes and Ransom by seven. All in all, seven old pros were under par for the four rounds, a tribute to the skills of middle age—and never mind those who say the young pros would tear Port St. Lucie apart.

What Barron and the others really showed last week is that the PGA Seniors' tournament has moved out of the atmosphere of an annual convention of oldtimers and into the spectrum of major golf competition. The quality of play is close to that seen on the regular tour. Moreover, this is a friendly tournament, with the informal camaraderie of a club championship. Ronald Teacher, the Scotsman who heads the Teacher company, acknowledged that the tournament was excellent publicity for his product, but he added, "We'd sponsor it even if it wasn't. You meet so many nice people."

END

BURTON MCNEARY

Two famous Scots in the tournament were Fred McLeod, 80, 1958 U.S. Open winner, who shot a 66-68, and Iain Jack Hutchison, 78, twice a PGA winner, who swung in an 87-78.

A Maestro Tunes His Teen Ski Stars

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN

When a young racer named Jack Nagel, skiing the slalom in the 1952 Winter Olympics in Oslo, went sprawling 150 feet from the finish and a possible gold medal, his mission in life was fixed. "I vowed right then to send some kid back there and win," says

Nagel. He started pursuing that dream as a ski instructor at Stevens Pass in Washington and is now continuing it with extraordinary promise of success at nearby Crystal



Mountain (where he is shown below trying to coax one more spasm of effort from his pupils). Each weekend during the winter Nagel holds special classes for some 60 hand-picked junior racers, ages 8 to 18. Two of them are his daughters—Cathy, 14 (*see cover*), the youngest junior national champion in U.S. ski history, and Judy, an 11-year-old spitfire who is already whipping skiers almost twice her age. Nagel's school is neither free—\$150 for a full winter of weekends—nor easy. In each session students get two hours of intense drills from Nagel and his instructors, and there

are no less than 20 formal races against teams from other ski areas. Tough as it is, the kids seem to love the program. When Nagel moved to Crystal Mountain this winter more than 50 of his racers and all but one of his 48 instructors came along. Some of his kids travel as far as 180 miles each weekend for their lessons. None seem to love it more than Cathy and Judy, and Jack, despite stern efforts at impartiality, is unable to suppress his pride in them, especially Cathy. "You should see that girl work," he says. "She can do more leg-ups, push-ups and sit-ups than any kid you ever saw."



continued





Negel is everywhere on the aspen. "Feel the snow, feel the snow," he yells at a sleam skien. "You must feel every inch of the way," Nagel himself puts up the sleam poles, and when the course becomes rutted he goes over it, smoothing it out with his skis. No detail is too trivial for his attention, not even a nervous little boy's untied bootlens.

continued




Negel attends to a pupil'sicked ski before the start of a race. "Now there can't be any excuses," he said. "At least not about the skis." Despite Negel's personal drive, most of the kids remain healthily unweary by the program's Olympian goals. When one instructor scolded 10-year-old Mercie Wick (right), she said, "Don't get mad at me, I'm just a little girl."

continued



After sweeping a weekend race, Cathy allows herself a shy smile. Judy (left), though a solid eighth, broods over her poor time. But Jack's face floods with joy as he realizes his daughters may fulfill his Olympic vow.





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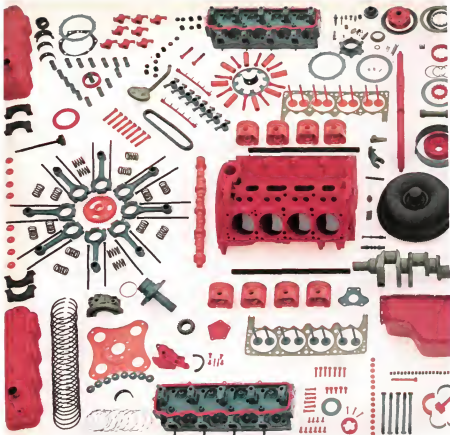
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HOW TO SUCCEED AT A DOG SHOW WITHOUT REALLY CHEATING

Favorite bedtime reading for some young Americans today is Fred Gwynne's canine canon, *Best in Show*. This small book, expanded from an article in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (Dec. 23, 1957), tells the story of a number of competing show dogs, all but one of whom looked like their owners. The mustachioed dog who won the topmost prize—and here lies the moral—looked like the judge. This week the Westminster Kennel Club show opens once again at Manhattan's Madison Square Garden. The dog that will be chosen best-in-show at this august affair will not, in all likelihood, resemble his judge. "But make no mistake about it," says one longtime observer of the Westminster scene. "More than just a few of the 2,565 dogs entered there this year—as in any year—will be in the Garden as a result of some judge's personal prejudices and some handler's skillful play upon them."

The authority speaking is lean, gray A. Peter Knoop (the K is silent), a Wall Street stockbroker who probably knows more than any other man alive about the wags and woofs of the U.S. dog world. Knoop has been working with dogs for the past 40 years, or ever since he reached his teens. During that span he has been a kennel boy, a breeder, a trainer, a handler, a show judge and a show director. He is show chairman of the tony Westchester K.C. show, which ranks second only to Westminster in prestige, and twice he has handled the best-in-show winner at Westminster, where this year he will serve as a noncompeting steward. Peter Knoop has made most of his friends in the dog business, and he bears his hobby and his colleagues no grudges whatsoever. What sets him apart from other dog men, however, is a willingness to admit what they all know is true but generally refuse to talk about.

"Since the perfect dog has yet to show up at any show," says Knoop, "judging them is like judging girls in a bathing suit contest—it is an art and not a science." It's true that at shows like Westminster the art approaches almost scientific exactness because every dog there has some demonstrable merit. "But it's

also true," Knoop adds, "that the farther away you get from the name shows the more frequently you find the little misdeeds and the minor deceptions. To win these small shows is, of course, not so important in itself. But they are the ladder rungs that take you toward the top. And it's at the top that you find fame and—if your breed is popular with the public—modest fortune in stud fees, which double and sometimes triple after a Westminster win." While prize money is negligible, stud money can be a powerful incentive. "I or the small-kennel man, the one- or two-dog owner, winning an important show can be a make-or-break proposition," says Knoop. "Without a well-known stud, the breeder is simply throwing good money after bad."

There have, of course, been instances of deliberate chicanery in shows—poisoning and laming of the dogs—but, according to Knoop, the sins of the dog show judge are venial sins, often committed without his knowledge, and the offenses of the handlers and owners are less sins than guileful stratagems. A truly inferior dog, for instance, can never win anything. Unless perfumed with optimism, no exhibitor would waste his time showing such an animal, and no judge would look at him twice. The deviousness of the show game comes into play when the top dogs are meeting. At times like these, when all else is even, the handler hopes the judge will fall prey in his own prejudices, his preconceptions and his thoroughly nonobjective preferences, and the handler does his best to give the judge a shove in that direction.

Most dog shows are divided into three major groupings, the breed class, the group class and the best-in-show class. Of the three, says Knoop, breed judging is the hardest and demands the most objectivity on the part of the judge. Standards for the breed are predetermined by national breed clubs, and the judge has only to decide which dog best fulfills the standards. Flagrant attempts to hide physical flaws by white powders, dyes or—as has been tried—surgery are easy to detect and mean disqualification. But there are subtler ways to show off a dog's

continued

Judging dogs is an art, according to one of the topmost authorities, but conning the judge into picking the wrong dog can be a sort of science

by HUSTON HORN



KNOOP LOOKS OVER DOGS AT WESTCHESTER

assets while veiling his liabilities. If a dog is loose-jointed, for instance, a handler may show him on a tight lead. The lift and support of the leash tends to collect such a dog's muscles and to draw in his elbows when he's standing or moving, and it takes a shrewd judge to determine whether the dog is pulling the man or the other way around. Frequently, therefore, a judge will ask that the taut lead be slackened off. If the dog falls down, well, it was a good try.

Another trick is used by handlers whose dogs "sidewheel," or walk with a slight yaw. To counter this minor defect a handler may lead his dog toward the judge at an oblique angle, the way a movie star might show his favorite profile. The illusion given is that the dog is walking straight. "A good handler, whether amateur or professional," says

Knoop, "will often win with a dog that another man might have trouble giving to his neighbor."

Those who judge breed classes are picked, sensibly enough, because they are expert in a particular breed. Theoretically, then, they should have no trouble deciding which dog is a fine specimen and which is merely good. This is true in the abstract, Knoop says, but in practice it does not always work. It is possible—and quite likely—that a breed judge has had experience breeding this type of dog. And if he has breeding experience, he's had his share of trouble. "Perhaps his trouble was light eyes in, say, Dobermans, which are considered disfiguring," says Knoop. "Remembering all the expense and trouble he went to trying to breed out light eyes, the judge may severely penalize a Doberman with only a

slight trace of lightness. The dog may be nearly perfect in all the other particulars, but the judge has made up his mind: he's light-eyed, therefore he's out. There's nothing really wrong in the judge's decision. It is just that a personal prejudice has made him make it. That particular Doberman may win best-in-show somewhere else. You can flip a coin on which judge is right.

"Smart exhibitors," continues Knoop, "know long before they enter a show what the competition will be and who the judges will be. They weigh that knowledge against their past experience and enter their dogs or not accordingly. Even friendships play a part. Suppose I see the name of a judge in an upcoming show who has been at my house for dinner sometimes. Or maybe I've judged his dog at one time or another—which is within the rules. Or, most important, maybe I've bred one of my bitches to one of his studs—and there is no rule against judging dogs bred in your own kennels, provided one year has passed and they are not registered in your name. In any of these cases it would be foolish to say I didn't have an edge over a guy the judge has never seen before. Unless, of course, the other guy is a famous handler who has a reputation for never showing any but the best of dogs. Then the judge may be intimidated by his reputation and afraid to upset it. Some judges advance a dog they know isn't too good just because another judge who happens to be a friend of theirs gave him a prize in another show and they want to avoid embarrassing the man. In the maelstrom of conflicting interests that is the world of show dogs there are all sorts of situations that are just ripe for what we call 'judging the other end of the leash.'"

The group class brings together dogs of different breeds (sporting dogs, working dogs, terriers, etc.) and, by rights, a group judge is required to be familiar with all breeds in the group. But he may be relatively weak in knowledge of, say, bull terriers. He can't very well go around admitting it, so he makes a brave attempt to come to terms with the problem. The dog is homey, that much the judge is sure of. Beyond that he can only prod, poke and hope the breed judge knew what he was advancing. The bull terrier, however, figures not to do too well.

One might naturally suppose that a

Illustrations by Robert Harvill



group judge would favor the breed he knows best. Wrong, says Knoop. "If I'm judging a group class, I can see the defects in the Dobermans and dachshunds a mile off because I breed them myself. You lose objectivity here simply because you know too much and may demand too much of the dogs."

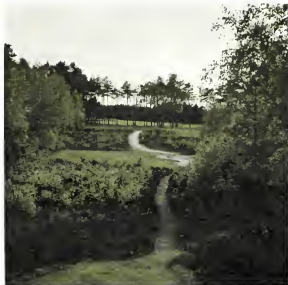
Eventually, when the group classes have been judged, the chosen few advance to the best-in-show. In one sense, according to Knoop, this is the easiest class to judge because the dogs in the inner circle have already passed through two tough way stations. There are bound to be some first-rate dogs waiting for the nod. It's hard to be wrong, no matter which dog you choose. It is also very easy to be subjective. "In best-in-show," Knoop explains, "you're not only judging dogs, you're judging the other judges and, like it or not, you're trying to judge the opinion of the crowd looking on."

At some big shows the judge may even take into consideration past winners (to allow the same breed to win too often spoils the show's continuing interest and suspense) and the relative social rank of the dogs' owners. A failure to take this last item into account occurred some years ago at a most prominent show, says Knoop, when an exhibitor of pronounced social insignificance won best-in-show. Despite the fact that the dog was acclaimed by all as a remarkably suitable winner, the judge who forgot the other end of the leash was not invited back for several years. "It's hard to be specific about a thing like this," says Knoop, "because people with money can afford the best breeding stock, the best trainer, the best care. They're bound to win more often than the little guy, because they have a head start." Those, like Peter Knoop, who supervise the running of shows, do their best to make dog judging an exact science. But not even the august American Kennel Club, the top authority in all canine matters, can overrule human nature and, as things now stand, it is the whims and foibles natural to humanity that influence much of the judgment at a dog show. Thus, says Peter Knoop, one should not conclude that the best-in-show winner at Westminster is necessarily the finest dog in the U.S. He may well be. On the other hand, he may be just the luckiest. **aww**



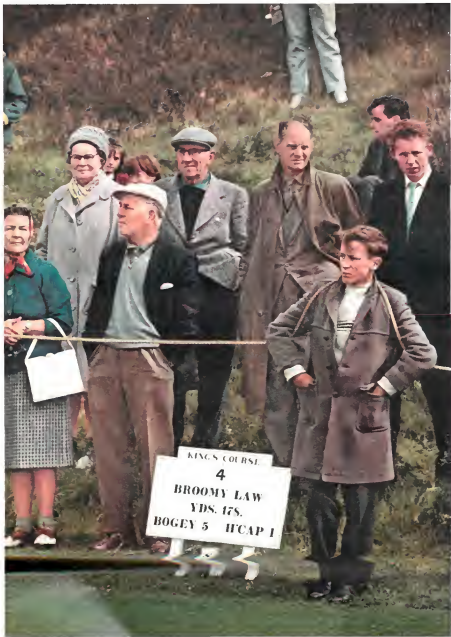
FASCINATING WORLD OF GALLERIES

The solemn boy at the right is watching a Swedish golf match between Doug Sanders of the U.S. and Scandinavian Champion Arne Werkell at the Halmstad Club in Tylosand. This event, and 10 others like it, comprise the *Wonderful World of Golf*, a color television series filmed on courses from Ireland to Singapore that is now being shown Sunday afternoons by NBC under the sponsorship of the Shell Oil Company. Besides the fine golf played by the American and foreign professionals the show provides two other pleasures: views of an intriguing variety of links—Scotland's dour Gleneagles, Jamaica's lush Tryall—and of distinctive galleries that prove the universal appeal of the game.



One hundred seventy-five yards from the tee (foreground) on the par-4 seventh hole of the green and brambly Halmstad course, which is on a bay of the Kattegat strait, is a formidable row of pines (background). The golfer prays that his drive will clear the tops of the trees. If it does not, he must negotiate his way through them with his second shot. There are 54 golf courses in Sweden, a noteworthy number considering the long, bitter winter at which play is impossible.







Golf is a game for all classes in Scotland. Indeed, most clubs have an artisan section, which allows nonmembers to play for a pittance. At the left, on the boggy-5 (par-5 in U.S. terminology) 4th of the King's Course at Gleneagles Hotel, a group made up largely of workmen watches Gene Littler play Scottish Champion Eric Brown. This match took place on a Wednesday, a half-day for Scottish workers. Above, a sportier-looking set observes from the edge of a green.

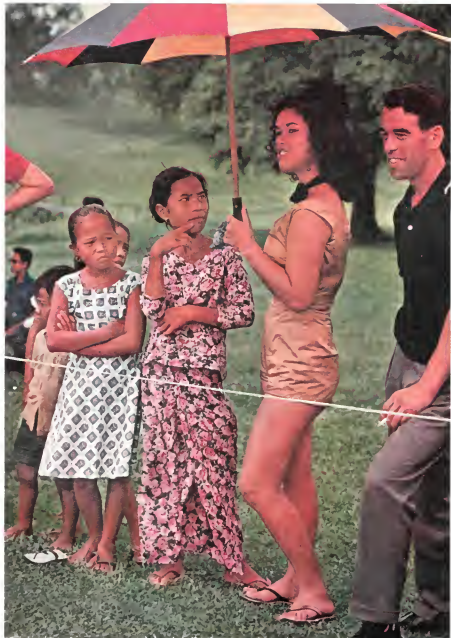


The gallery at the Tryall Golf Club (above), near Montego Bay in Jamaica, is present for a match between former PGA Champion Dave Finsterwald and Peter Alliss of Great Britain. Once a plantation, Tryall has seven of its holes in the hills, the rest on the Windward Passage. At the right, a handsome couple witnesses a game in which Byron Nelson played Dutch Champion Gerry de Wit at The Hague Club in The Netherlands, a bleak, sandy links eroded by North Sea winds.



This exotic, heterogeneous gallery includes a Cameroun Highlander, a Malayan movie actress (second from right) and natives from the kampungs, or dwellings, that are grouped off the 10th fairway. They are viewing a match at the Royal Singapore Golf Club pitting Phil Rodgers (SI, Jan. 14) against onetime Australian Champion Frank Phillips. The Royal was formed in 1891. Since it was laid out on the grounds of a hospital and jail, its holes had such grisly designations as Cholera, Smallpox and Gallows. In 1924 the club moved to its present less morbid site at Bukit Timah, seven miles from the city's center.





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by **WALTER BINGHAM**

Some basketball laurels have escaped Edwin Jucker of Cincinnati, but no national championship has. He's won two in two years and has an excellent chance to make it three

THE COACH OF EVERY YEAR

Edwin Lewis Jucker is one of those men so completely absorbed in his job that it almost seems he would not exist without it. His job is coaching the University of Cincinnati basketball team. Under his guidance it has become the best team in the country, and with it he is trying to do something no coach has ever done before—win three straight national championships. Jucker (right, with player Larry Elmore) works at his job all of his waking hours, and these include many hours that people normally reserve for sleep. In stray moments of relaxation he will talk of politics, golf or bringing up children, but the path of such conversations returns inevitably to basketball. Should he forget the job for an instant, which is unlikely, he need only glance at the centerpiece on his dining room table, a gold-plated basketball, or at his 7-year-old daughter Karen, who wears a T shirt on which is printed: "My dad is coach."

Karen's dad has been coach of Cincinnati for three years, and for three years he has been supremely successful. Twice in a row his teams have won the NCAA championship, symbol of basketball supremacy, and this year Cincinnati is the favorite to win it again. By midseason this year his Cincinnati teams had won 71 of 76 games for him, and had the country's longest current winning streak. His achievements are unprecedented, deserving of all kinds of glory, a performance to make a man proud. Yet much of the glory has eluded Jucker, and he has no time for pride.

Successful though he is, Jucker usually has the harried mien of a longtime loser. Basketball coaches are a notoriously nervous lot, but shortly before the start of every Cincinnati game Jucker looks like a man condemned to die. His skin turns several shades paler than normal, accenting his heavy beard and making him look old (he is 45). His eyes are strained, as if pleading for help, and beads of sweat line his forehead. He develops



continued

Jack Mitchell

a cough, though his health is perfect. He keeps glancing at his wrist as if checking the time, but he wears no watch. "In the last few minutes before a game," says Tulsa's coach, Joe Swank, "Juck wouldn't even remember his name." Backslapping well-wishers stop by the bench to wish Jucker luck. "I nod yes and no," admits Jucker, "but I don't even know what people are saying to me."

Nor is the Cincinnati team spared any of its coach's pregame agonies. "We'll be sitting around the locker room listening to some music on the radio," says Tony Yates, the Cincinnati captain and a cool, cool man on the court. "He'll come roaring in and turn it off. He's afraid we won't be thinking about the game." No one will ever accuse a Jucker team of laxity. "His boys have marvelous discipline," says one coach admiringly. "He flogs his tigers until they even hate their mothers."

The game begins. High in the grandstand of Cincinnati's fieldhouse sit Jucker's pretty wife, Joanne, and 9-year-old son, Steve. "Aw, she claps when they introduce the other team," says Steve disgustedly. "That's being fair," Jucker tells his son. "You know, they do some good things too." This is what Jucker says on Sunday morning, but at court-side the night before he is in no mood for compliments. Nor, for that matter, is the howling, clapping, fur-bearing Cincinnati crowd. Watching basketball in Cincinnati has become a social event, the thing to do for the country club set, and it's a rare hostess who would dare schedule a Saturday night party to begin before the game is over. The fieldhouse is always filled; owning a season seat is a sign of status. The crowd has become giddy with victory (the Bearcats have not lost at home since 1957), expects it and grows surly when the team fails to win impressively.

During a game, a nervous Jucker gets almost as much exercise as his players. "You'd have to say he's in the excitable class," says Bradley's Chuck Orsborn. "Not the most excitable, but up there." A foul called against Cincinnati will bring Jucker leaping to his feet, arms stretched toward heaven, his face a picture of amazement. "He's very quick to come off the bench on a call," says a rival coach. "He certainly lets the officials know what's on his mind, even to the extent of buzzing the buzzer at the secer's

table." In a recent game against Houston, Jucker did just that, not once but twice. Later, when asked about it, he looked wide-eyed with disbelief. "I didn't do that, did I?" he asked. Yet there is evidence that Jucker knows exactly what is going on every second of a game. "One of his greatest assets," says Orsborn, "is his ability to think under pressure."

The Cincinnati players themselves, though they may exchange secret winks when Jucker flies into action, appreciate his attention to duty. "It's good for the team to see someone who makes sure we get a fair shake," says Tony Yates. And whenever Jucker threatens to go too far, the players know how to contain him. Once when Jucker leaped from the bench and started to storm onto the court—a sure technical foul—a player reached out, grabbed Jucker's coat and firmly pulled him back. Another time, after a referee failed to call a foul on the opposition, Jucker was about to explode when a smiling Yates, dribbling by, gave him a big wink and told him to relax.

But Jucker can't relax, even when the game is over. Some coaches find him remote—"He'll shake hands, but that's all," says Wichita's Ralph Miller. Others, like Joe Swank, find him fairly cordial. "Why shouldn't he be?" asks Swank. "He wins."

A team, but no Oscar

No one expected Ed Jucker to win in such grand style when he was promoted from assistant to head coach three years ago. Oscar Robertson—the Big O—had just graduated, removing in his own person a major part of the Cincinnati basketball team. At this propitious time Coach George Smith, who had won three straight Missouri Valley Conference titles with Robertson, accepted the athletic director's post.

Few people outside of Cincinnati had ever heard of Ed Jucker. He had been an outstanding basketball and baseball player at the university in 1939-40 before starting a coaching career in both sports that led him to Batavia (Ohio) High School, the Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in up-state New York (where he met his wife) and finally, in 1953, back to Cincinnati as assistant basketball coach.

When Jucker took over as head coach, he made a bold, and seemingly suicidal, decision: to discard Cincinnati's popu-

lar run-and-shoot offense for a slower, more deliberate game accenting defense, a shift that of itself figured to make him about as popular in Cincinnati as a flood.

By the end of three weeks Cincinnati had lost three of its first eight games, one of them to St. Louis by 17 points. "He was using a 2-3 zone defense," says Coach John Benington of St. Louis. "After he lost to us he went up to Bradley and lost for the same reason. But when he got back home he showed how quickly he had learned his mistakes. He junked the zone play, and the next time we met he was using a pressing man-to-man. It was a different story."

Those early weeks were rough on Jucker. For the first time in years there were empty seats in the armory, and the fans who did show up—"those house apes," one coach calls them—rode Jucker hard. "Let 'em run, you bum," they yelled. Jucker's mail carried the same sweet message. "I'll admit I had some doubts," Jucker says, but it is a solid measure of the man that he never wavered. Cincinnati started to win, the hoots changed to cheers, and when the season ended the team was again the winner of the Missouri Valley Conference.

At the NCAA championship, Cincinnati met upstate rival Ohio State in the final. Ohio State had already been voted the top team in the country, and its coach, Fred Taylor, had been selected as Coach of the Year, but Cincinnati won in overtime, creating a rather awkward situation for the pollsters. To compound matters, Ohio Governor Mike DiSalle released a proclamation immediately following Cincinnati's victory, congratulating Ohio State on being chosen the top team of the year and bringing glory to Ohio. Basketball fans take such slights seriously, and the catcalls from Cincinnati could be heard all the way to the State House in Columbus. Last fall DiSalle ran for reelection and was defeated. It is a matter of record that he got little backing in Cincinnati.

Last season was almost a duplication of the year before. Again, after losing a couple of early games, Cincinnati won the rest to reach the NCAA final. Again it met Ohio State, a team that had been ranked tops in the country from the very beginning of the season. Again Taylor, not Jucker, had been selected Coach of the Year. And again Cincinnati won the championship.

continued



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JUCKER continued

The two Cincinnati-Ohio State finals, with one team getting the awards, the other the victories, have created a certain amount of cross-Ohio tension. Fred Taylor insists he is not bitter toward Ed Jucker but thinks Jucker is bitter toward him. Jucker denies this, but he is obviously delighted at twice being honored as the Columbus Touchdown Club's Coach of the Year, right there in Taylor's own backyard.

Banners and kittens

Jucker is even more delighted at the reception he has gotten each year when he has returned with the NCAA championship. His neighbors on Flora Avenue have decorated the street with banners, streamers, lanterns and signs, some of which have said, "The U.S.A. has John Glenn, we have Ed Jucker" and "Puff had kittens while you were away." Ed's neighbors also chipped in and bought him a large silver platter on which is inscribed: "Coach of the Year from his friends on Flora Avenue." No governor's proclamation could mean as much.

Besides, Jucker has no time to waste considering fortune's slights. His days are crowded with business: phone calls, interviews, public appearances, game-film study, strategy talks with his assistant, Tay Baker, and, of course, practice sessions with the team. Jucker arrives at his office early. Once he is at his desk it is almost impossible to talk with him for more than half a minute without being interrupted by a girl's voice booming out of the loudspeaker on the wall. "Coach Jucker, on 291." There are times when all six buttons on Jucker's phone are lit at once. "I don't see why he doesn't have the thing ripped out," says one member of the athletic department.

The most important part of Jucker's day is the practice session. While the regulars warm up, Tay Baker, who has scouted Cincinnati's next opponent, says Wichita, takes the reserves aside and drills them in Wichita's tactics, assigning to each reserve the role of a Wichita player. Through it all Jucker stands to the side, detached, arms folded, looking almost bored. Then the scrimmage begins, the reserves acting out Wichita for the regulars. Jucker's arms unfold. His eyes move swiftly around the court. Suddenly he is shouting: "O.K., Smith, if you don't want to play the game we'll get someone else." The practice continues, fast and

long. The players pant, but Jucker urges them on: "C'mon, a couple of more minutes. Let's work, work."

Jucker's dedication to the job has won him the respect of the other coaches in the Missouri Valley Conference. "He's a perfectionist, an expert, a taskmaster," says Ralph Miller. "Jucker's under tremendous pressure to win. One loss for him is probably equal to five or six for me here at Wichita. I hear that after Cincinnati lost to us last year they got hoed when they returned home. The people in Cincinnati expect to win, and the pressure keeps mounting on Jucker." In a moment of rare frivolity recently Jucker summed up his own position. "It's like being the last egg in an incubator. Everybody's standing around waiting for you to crack."

There has been grumbling among some coaches that one reason Cincinnati does keep winning is that it uses something more in its recruiting methods than friendly persuasion. In 1955 the NCAA placed all of the school's teams on probation for a year, and in 1959 Cincinnati was again censured for having too liberal a student work program, a charge the school has insistently denied. But this was in the pre-Jucker era. Such talk is familiar to any coach with a winner, and it doesn't worry Jucker. The only thing that does worry him is that winning streak. "The longer it gets, the more my poor stomach does flip-flop," Jucker moans. "The players seem to take it in stride, but I can't."

The only place where Jucker can relax is at home on Flora Avenue, and even there it is not easy. He will stretch out on the couch to read the paper, but in minutes his four children are all over him. Steve will want him to go out back and shoot baskets. Kenny, age one, will want to show him how high he can jump. "I'm teaching him to rebound," Jucker says proudly. The girls, Judy and Karen, will simply hang on his neck. But when the children are put to bed Ed Jucker slips his favorite record on the phonograph, returns to the couch and forgets about Wichita, the NCAA, Coaches of the Year, ticket requests, phone calls, autographs and the man-to-man defense. For about five seconds. Then the music fills the room—Cincinnati fight songs, as recorded by the university band. Once again Ed Jucker is lost in the world of basketball.

END



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Swing a wedge back and forth with a wrist motion to give the hands "snatch" and loosen the wrist and forearm muscles.

(Drawing by Bruce Wilson)

Three to get ready before you tee off

A pregame warmup is important in all sports but possibly more so in golf because the action, undertaken from a stationary position, gives the muscles such a sudden, violent wrench. If you are to hit good golf shots, your muscles must be properly prepared. I start my warmup by using a wedge for the trio of exercises shown here. These are designed not only to give the hands a sense of "feel" but also to lumber up the wrist, forearm and upper and lower back muscles. No player should tee off without some such warming-up routine.

Most golfers do not have the time or the facilities to hit any practice shots prior to playing, but, when it is possible, here is a sensible system to follow after the usual warmup. Begin by hitting a few wedge shots, then use the eight-iron, the five-iron, the two-iron, the three-wood and finish up with the driver. It is better, when time is limited, to hit the eight-iron six times than to hit the nine, eight and seven twice each. Conclude your preround preparations with some chipping and putting at the practice green.



Hold club as above and rotate body back and forth from hips up to loosen the upper back and shoulder muscles.



To stretch the lower back muscles, hold the club through elbows and again rotate body back and forth from hips up.



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make him look, in some respects, more like a pinto than a Thoroughbred. But it is for his qualities of conformation as a Thoroughbred that Ellsworth and Tenney think so highly of Candy Spots. He is long-bodied, with long legs and low knees and hocks. He is deep in the chest and has wide and deep stifles. His pasterns are beautiful and his neck seems just right to balance off the rest of him. "I'd say he was handsome," says Tenney. "If he has a drawback it might be in his head and ears. His ears are sort of floppy and they don't help the general appearance of his head, which is ordinary-looking. But I think an ordinary head often denotes honesty in a horse."

From mid-September until November 7, Candy Spots was turned out on the Ellsworth ranch at Chino, some 35 miles east of downtown Los Angeles. He began galloping on November 16, and he's worked pretty steadily every third day since then. In the Spartan atmosphere of Tenney's two barns at Santa Anita, Candy Spots has had careful treatment. "We think he's something special," says Ellsworth, "and we want to save him."

Big classic crop

Ellsworth isn't tucking the season with Candy Spots as his only 3-year-old. In fact he's got nearly 100 of them. Some, like Space Skates and Three Links, have already shown potential. Others, like Barefoot Clem, Hooky Cap and Super Stock, must still prove themselves. In addition to the Ellsworth string, there are a few other 3-year-olds of quality at Santa Anita. Besides a number of the also-runs in last week's San Vicente, the improving crop includes such horses as Tourlourou, Win-Em-All, Kingomine, Repute and Prince Mito—greater depth in this division than ever before.

Nevertheless, if Candy Spots is as good as most people in California think he is, there isn't much point in running this year's Kentucky Derby. They could just send that gold trophy on to Chino now, to stand beside the slightly rusted one brought home by Swaps. Says Santa Anita Racing Secretary Jimmy Kilroe: "A clocker at Hollywood Park last summer told me that he caught Candy Spots going an eighth in 10 seconds flat, after working a half mile in 50 seconds. If a horse can accelerate like that nobody can live with him. He may be terrific."

END



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BOATING / *Arthur Zich*

The big blow and the Blue Pig

Neither calm nor storm could halt the rivalry between two Californians racing each other from one side of Florida to the other

FOR 25 of the 27 becalmed blue-water yachts drifting listlessly over the line at the 403-mile St. Petersburg-Fort Lauderdale ocean race last week, it was the start of the premier event of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference. But for two big invaders from California, Sally Ames Langmuir's 72-foot 6-inch white-hulled yawl *Bolero* and Baldwin M.

Baldwin's dark-blue-hulled 73-foot yawl *Escapade*, it was a match race, plain and simple. The two boats were old West Coast rivals, as closely matched as a one-design class. In the Los Angeles-Mazatlan race last November, for instance, after more than 800 miles of open ocean, they crossed tacks within two boat lengths of each other. Moreover, in



"ESCAPADE'S" SPINNAKER HANGE FORLORNLHY AT START OF RACE WITH "BOLERO"

Florida, in the first two SORC races this winter, they took turns handing the locals some swift, certain sailing lessons: *Escapade* swept the Venice Race, *Bolero* swept the Cat Cay Race. As an eastern newcomer lucky enough to be crewing on *Bolero*, I was quickly informed that winning a race meant much less than beating the tar out of "that Blue Pig" from California.

For five long hours after the dead-calm start *Escapade* drifted beside her rival, her giant spinnaker with the Maltese cross sagging like a punctured balloon. On *Bolero* one crewman dropped matches, with mechanical repetition, on to the water, searching for a clue of wind in the flame's brief puff of smoke. The smoke went straight up. "Are we moving," he asked, "or is the water moving under us?" Twice *Bolero* dropped anchor to keep from backsliding on the incoming tide. Three times we set her spinnaker; three times it came down. But *Escapade* was even more beset. By late afternoon she was lost in the fog behind us. At 11 the wind picked up some. We were moving—six knots maybe—but it seemed a breakneck speed, and all that watch we huddled amidships in the red glow spilling out on the fog from the chart table below. Heavy dew wetted the decks, and Peter Bowker, a sturdy Englishman who has spent his life at sea, muttered, "Soggy night, what?" It was a very English night.

The next day the weather cleared and the wind freshened. At 3 a.m., an hour before my watch, I woke with a start to a cry from above. "Jibe!" Those of us who were off watch tumbled from our bunks and scrambled on deck. The wind had built up to 20 miles an hour. We were dead before it, and *Bolero* had begun to charge. Just before 5 the wind shifted, and we dropped the spinnaker. In its place went a reaching jib, its sheet led through a block on the boom and down to a winch through another block snapped to an eye which slid back and forth on the rail. Suddenly the wind tore the holding screw from the eye, slammed it back along its track and bent a lifeline stanchion almost to the deck. "Give us a luff," someone cried as the stanchion threatened to snap completely. Bowker, then on the helm, turned *Bolero* up into the wind to spill air from the sail.

One crewman was curled up on the foredeck, calling the trim of the sails with the aid of a flashlight beam. "You're luffing," his voice informed us placidly over a small hand mike. "You're luff-

continued



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BOATING

ing "Shut up, damn it," Bowker shouted from the wheel. "We know bloody well we're luffing." His words were lost on the wind. Then, like a rifle shot in the rush of air and water, the block on the boom exploded under the strain and a tennis court of sail went off in the wind. "Take it down," Bowker yelled. "Get the bloody sail down." Someone let go the halyard. Another, a powerful former professional football player, took the sheet in his hands and put his back to the wind. The rest of us dived to the leeward rail to hand in the sail as it came down. Water raced over our feet. In came the sail, and up went the No. 1 genoa. It bloomed open, and the rail went down in the rushing sea.

In the middle

Winds were up to 25 to 30 out of the north when *Bolero* reached the Gulf Stream. Bob Fisher, my crewmate and shipmate and an old hand at sailing the Stream, remarked, "Think this is bad now? Wait'll we get in the middle of it." By one o'clock gusts up to 40 were tearing at the sails. Seas up to 10 feet from trough to crest crashed now on one bow, now on the other. *Bolero* heeled, pitched like a wild horse and heeled over. We doused the genoa, reefed the mainsail, and *Bolero* smashed through the sea under short sail at 9½ knots.

Exhausted, soaked through, we sank back on the weather rail and looked about us. Way off, hull down below the horizon, sails billowing and charging—a wondrous sight!—was the *Blue Pig*, as beautiful as she was unwelcome. More than 300 miles of open ocean, a complete circle of winds, and *Escapade* was closing on us! A master sailor named Jimmy Jones was at our helm. Jones had flown to St. Petersburg from California at Sally Langmuir's request the night before the race, he had joined the boat not 20 minutes before the first gun. Now he was driving *Bolero* for all she was worth, but even that was not enough.

A day later, when the timers had finished their arithmetic, a 39-foot Class C yawl named *Doubtless*, with almost 16 hours' handicap, sailed off with first place on corrected time. *Bolero* was reduced to fourth in Class A, 15th in the fleet. But for those of us on board *Bolero* the only time that mattered was the 93 seconds between our bow and the stern of *Escapade* as the big *Blue Pig* charged across the finish line.

END

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If you ever hope to get rich (or even comfortably fixed), the logical thing to do is to learn how to borrow money. And where. Like many other things that are important, learning about money takes some intelligence, some practice, some skill — and, often, some help. There's no magic, and luck doesn't have as much to do with it as many people would like to think.

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Second, give this bank all your banking business. (This includes your checking and savings accounts, any accounts your wife may have elsewhere. The more business the better.)

Third, get personally acquainted with one of the bank's officers. (Tell him you want to build a good working relationship with his bank because someday you might want to borrow a lot of money.)

Fourth, fill out one of the bank's Personal Financial Statements. (They'll keep it confidential and it will show them that you are deadly serious about building your net worth.)

Fifth, keep your savings account active and growing with regular deposits (even if they're small) and try to maintain some kind of a reasonable balance in your checking account.

Last, borrow a little money for some worthwhile purpose. Pay it back on schedule. Then borrow some more. Pay that back on schedule. Then borrow some more. (You get the picture.)



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A RAMPART OF



PEDIGREE

Middleburg, Virginia is the home of the well-bred foxhound and the well-bred fox hunter, and a society built around riding the well-bred horse **BY HUSTON HORN**



Still in morning riding clothes, the editor of The Chronicle of the Horse, Alexander Mackay-Smith, faces a workday disarray of news from the U.S. horse set.

MIDDLEBURG continued

Bothering nobody, the little country town of Middleburg (pop. 700) sits athwart the Robert E. Lee-Stonewall Jackson Memorial Highway in the undulant bluegrass meadows and farmlands of northern Virginia. Alongside the road—called Washington Street within the city limits—there are only a couple or three filling stations, only one sizable grocery store, one café, a telephone-pole Greyhound bus stop and a dilapidating, shut-down movie theater. If ever there was a one-horse town, this has to be it.

But hold the phone. This same tiny village is also chockablock with interior decorating and antique shops (Mrs. Greer's sells a nice little porcelain figure of a jockey on a Thoroughbred with his silks colored to your liking for \$525), and it has an inn with a French chef (who cooked a saucy dinner recently when Hodding Carter's son married the daughter of the State Department's George McGhee), the editorial offices of a nationally and fashionably circulated horse magazine, a liquor store that is awash with a vast, nonrural inventory of high-falutin imported booze and last year did a \$400,000 business, Foxcroft, the horsey girls' school, and a half-million-dollar community center where farmers and their wives go bowling, ladies and gentlemen attend black-tie hunt

balls and the President of the U.S. goes to Mass. Forty miles west of Washington, this is the stratified, socially correct home of the red fox, the pedigreed horse, the pedigreed hound and the pedigreed person. "Oh, sure, I suppose we live in a rather unusual community," says a longtime resident, "but really, all things considered, we're pretty ordinary people."

He means that in Middleburg and the surrounding pastoral countryside of Loudoun and Fauquier counties, it is perfectly ordinary to be named Mellon, Phipps, Iselin, Du Pont or Jack Kennedy, and that it is downright commonplace to think and to talk about the horse most of the livelong day. Horses outnumber people in Middleburg just as they do in Outer Mongolia, and the minority wouldn't upset the imbalance for the world. "Take away the horse and do you know what's left?" challenges the president of the Middleburg National Bank, Mr. Donald F. MacKenzie. "Nothing!"

The horse is king in Middleburg, and his subjects show their obeisance by riding horses, playing polo on horses, hunting foxes with horses, breeding and training horses, buying and selling horses, racing horses, betting on horses or simply leaning on gateposts gazing fondly at horses. If a Middleburg citizen dies while riding a horse, as an interesting number have done, many count this a stroke of remarkable good fortune and dwell on the matter for years afterward. And when a Middleburg horse passes on—provided he has led a useful and worthy life in the field—he, too, achieves a kind of immortality: he is fed to the foxhounds of his old hunt. "It is an honorable, fitting end," says a Middleburg lady. "Why," says another resident, "I think you can say we pay far more attention to our horses than we do to one another. Since there's very little to do here, there is plenty of time for sociability, but friendship rarely runs very deep and seldom crosses caste lines."

The same may be said of marriage, which in Middleburg is not the most rock-steady institution. A devoted resident of the area makes this observation in Merriman Smith's new book, *The Good New Days*: "Some of these wonderful people spend so much time breeding horses that they tend to confuse themselves with their animals and this is not always conducive to marital stability as many of us know it." If you should visit Middleburg and fail to meet somebody's first wife or stepson by midmorning, you're probably not getting around with the right crowd.

What horses and their owners are doing in Middleburg—and other places where it matters—is carefully recorded by the horse-set handbook, *The Chronicle of the Horse*, published every Friday in Middleburg. *The Chronicle*, which today has 9,700 on its subscription list, was established in 1937 by two Middleburg men—one the great-grandson of Jefferson Davis, one the husband of Rachel (Bunny) Lambert. She is an heiress to the Listerine and Gillette fortune and is now the second wife of Multimillionaire Paul Mellon, whose first wife, Mary Conover Brown, was fatally stricken with a heart attack while horseback riding one morning near Middleburg.

The current editor, Alexander Mackay-Smith, is a cordial host, a frank, sometimes dispassionate observer of horses and horse people, and is a New York-born, Harvard-educated Virginian who came to Middleburg 30 years ago to ride and write. In a recent editorial he wrote that the job of a master of foxhounds, the preeminent rank in any horse-set community, might well be compared with that of a city recreation director. Consequently, it ought not to be considered the frivolous pastime of privileged playboy sportsmen and owes apology to no one. For example, the editorial continued, a well-to-do master need not think that "he should also have some sort of paying job—an idea which harks back to frontier days." Mackay-Smith, a past master of foxhounds around Middleburg, would lift the anxiety of other masters so the sport will continue to prosper in the days of the New Frontier. But he admits he may be talking to himself. "I leaned rather toward the liberal point of view

continued

MIDDLEBURG

at Harvard, and I still carry a United Mine Workers card. I suppose, therefore, that I give more thought to justifying a way of life that depends upon money and leisure than do some of my neighbors. They probably never give it a thought." (Mackay-Smith's second wife, Jean Bowman, hopes they never do. A horse portraitist, she sells up to \$20,000 in paintings every year to members of the crowd, who frequently are portrayed along with their favorite mounts. The demand for her work is explained by another artist patronized by the horse set, who has said: "Would one, ever, want portraits of one's family sitting in, or draped about, the motorcar?")

Since the horse supplies Middleburg's primary social and commercial adhesive, it is logical for him to give the community its recreation which, fall, winter and spring, is fox hunting—or fox chasing, as some prefer, because of the comparative infrequency with which the fox actually is caught and killed by the hounds. Encouraged by the rolling country, the good pasturage and the large, wood-fenced estates, fox hunting has been the area's game since Thomas, sixth Lord of Fairfax, introduced it in the early 1700s and taught its technique to his American-born neighbors, including young George Washington. Like yachting, fox hunting cannot be done in a few minutes and with a handful of change. Depending upon one's zealotry or outside distractions, the time given over to fox hunting in Middleburg can be as much as six hours a day, six days a week, six months a year. (Mackay-Smith rides or hunts about four hours a day, puts out his *Chowchow* in the time remaining.) The expense is quite as formidable. Costumes for the hunt, unchanged through centuries of tradition, cost about \$1,500, and good hunting horses—at least three are required to keep the active fox hunter in the saddle—run in the neighborhood of \$2,500 apiece. Add to that the expense of helping support the hunt's kennel of hounds, the subscription fees for the several area hunts (for yourself as well as your grocer), salaries for stable hands and the cost of running a farm. Says one resident, blandly showing off a quantity of fox heads

To set off a hunt of the Piedmont Fox Hounds, Mrs. Colin MacLeod and her son Bruce drive over in a pony cart. Her husband trains racehorses in Upperville.



accumulated over the past 50 years and now mounted in his hallway: "They represent a couple of hundred thousand dollars, is all."

With fox hunting demanding so much time and money, there is an appreciable interest around Middleburg, as you may imagine, in tax rates, dividend announcements and bond maturities. Understandably, too, Middleburg's hunt set is, as a rule, middle-aged or older. "You don't see the young, because they really can't afford it," says an older lady who can. "And besides, I don't think the place is particularly wholesome for youngsters. The base of our society is scarcely broad enough for them to find out very much about life in the raw."

Geographically, Middleburg has existed since 1787, when one Leven Powell, a politician and Revolutionary War officer who fell sick at Valley Forge and went home, founded and subdivided the town and named its streets after every Federalist he could think of. Middleburg still hews to Powell's politics, going Republican in the last four presidential elections, but Miss Eleonora Sears is allowed to raise racehorses with impunity on a Middleburg farm despite the fact she is a great-great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, whom Powell could not abide.

Socially, Middleburg is years younger. It did not come into prominence until the early 1900s, when a number of wealthy New Yorkers moved there to hunt fox and to escape the pressures of inchoate suburbia back home. Thereafter the area began to thrive. The hardware store soon had a liveried doorman, *The Illustrated London News* began to keep up with the social notes, and the New Yorkers were followed by more and more Easterners and Midwesterners until, as Ogden Nash observed, "The Virginians from Virginia have to ride automobiles because the Virginians from Long Island are the only ones who can afford to ride horses." The few Virginians from Virginia, indeed, are almost curiosities nowadays on their own land. Still, it's hard to tell who's who anymore because most of the outlanders have swallowed their accents of origin to affect Virginia's distinguishing o's and a's that sound like ools and ahs.

continued



The owners of the big estates that give Middleburg its character of serene prosperity live in mansions with enormous front yards stocked with cattle and horses and surrounded by miles of whitewashed or split-rail fencing of the kind suburbanites like to tack up around their ¼-acre plots. As in some suburbs, too, cast-iron colored boys beside the driveway are popular. The houses have high ceilings, thick walls, rich furniture, expensive bric-a-brac and paintings and photographs of horses aplenty, and some of them literally hum with the activities of unseen servants. When one of these estates changes hands, the asking price is likely to be well into six figures; the land is generally estimated to be worth \$1,000 an acre, easily 75% higher than comparable farmland where picturesque fox hunting is never seen.

The showplace of the area belongs to Paul Mellon of the Pittsburgh Mellons, and to see it is to wonder what's the use of trying to keep up. Mellon has 3,600 acres near Middleburg's closest neighbor, the town of Upperville (about which John Updike once wrote in *The New Yorker*: "In Upperville, the upper crust: Say 'Bottoms up!' from dawn to dusk! And 'Ups-a-daisy, dear!' at will—I want to live in Upperville"). On the Mellon farm there are 1,000 head of cattle, 65 horses, 25 houses for employees and their families, a private laundry, a fire engine, a paved airstrip and a million-dollar twin-engine propeller airplane to go with it. It also has what must be the best-designed, best-tended stables in the country. The lighting in the broodmare barns is diffused and comforting, the floor of the stalls is rubber and each mare's breeding and racing history is posted on the door, under glass and trimmed in brass. In fact, brass is to be seen everywhere—hinges, latches, catches and handles—and all of it is polished once each week, oftener if company's coming. "Notice how I turn off the light with just my fingertips," said a Mellon man the other day. "Keeps smudges off the switch plate." Paul Mellon, benefactor of noteworthy stature in Middleburg and Upperville, has supplied much of the money used to build the community center (not forgetting, at the same time, the colored community center), the health center, an Episcopal church and a public training center for racehorses. His own excursions into racing, however, have yet to produce many outstanding winners, but his hopes do not flag. "We paid \$83,000 for a filly at the Saratoga Sales last spring," says the manager of the Mellon training center. "That's a record for a yearling filly, and we kind of count on her to set a few more."

The domain of a fox hunting group in the U.S. is typically about 10 miles square and is frequently adjacent to that of another hunt. Today in Virginia there are 18 organized hunts, all but three contiguous, and the three best known happen to fall in and around Middleburg. They are the Middleburg Hunt, the Piedmont Fox Hounds and the Orange County Hunt.

The largest—and, oddly, the most exclusive—of the three Middleburg hunts is the Orange County. It is sometimes known as the Toothbrush Hunt, because of a rule that limits guest riders to those who are visiting the homes of bona fide members (who incidentally must own at least 200 acres within the limits of the hunt's territory). Joint master of the Orange County is Tom Furness, a retired stockbroker from Chicago who has a milk farm and a silk necktie that says "tom" from top to tip. Furness says his group does not want to be written up in magazines of mass readership (*The Chronicle of the Horse* doesn't qualify for this category), but his aloofness can be readily understood: he has to contend with fellow hunter Jacqueline Kennedy and the publicity incidental thereto and, along the way, Tom had the singular misfortune to be photographed by Life's Ed Clark while falling off his horse. (A horseman able to take such mishaps in stride is Middleburg's Paul Fout. He once sold a

hunter to Mrs. Kennedy, a close friend of his wife Eve, that dumped the First Lady on her head. Sure enough, somebody got the picture.)

The Orange County Hunt was organized in 1903 and takes its name from Orange County, N.Y., once the home, particularly around fashionable Tuxedo Park, of a large number of estate owners and horsemen. Fearing that their fox hunting faced disruption by the encroachment of highways, wire fences and people from New York City, 40 miles to the south, many of these families reestablished themselves in the Middleburg area just after the turn of the century. "I remember E. H. Harriman coming down in the old days in his private railroad car," says a reminiscent Middleburger about the New York railroad tycoon. "He'd hunt part of the day and transact his business the rest of the day by telegram. He carried his own telegrapher, of course."

The Piedmont Fox Hounds is one of the oldest hunts in America, having been organized in 1840. The master today is Mrs. Archibald (Theo) Randolph, a crisp, tweedy woman with a no-nonsense manner who has been called by some The Kingfish. She is prominent in horse show circles and owns, for rainy afternoons, a made-in-England recording of foxhound sounds. To ride with Piedmont, says The Kingfish, a stranger need not spend the night with anyone or even know anyone. He need only be able to stay upright in the saddle and be willing to pay the \$15 capping fee, fox hunting's traditional offering from outsiders when the hat is passed. The money is pooled with the dues of regular subscribers and with the proceeds of hunt balls and the like to support the pack of hounds and to pay such expenses as repairing a farmer's fence disarranged by a low-flying horse.

The Middleburg Hunt was organized in 1906 and, like Piedmont, is public in the sense that anybody of reasonably good horsemanship and manners may ride along. Membership fees can be whatever the subscriber wishes to contribute, but if it's a lot, that's all right, because the hunt's operating expenses come to about \$30,000 a year. The master of the Middleburg is Newell J. Ward Jr., an altogether pleasant and informative gentleman-farmer who tills a little but tends mostly to his interest in the \$18 billion Prudential Insurance Co., which his great-grandfather helped found. Buddy Ward's wife, Bettina, busies herself with breeding and selling exotic little Basenji hounds, and her grandfather was August Belmont who, among other successful exploits, bred Man o' War. Fox hunting beside people of such prestigious lineage is not the intimidating experience some might suppose. "A typical hunt is pretty much a horseback democracy," says a fox hunting member of Middleburg's shopkeeping class. "When hunting, a man is judged not on his worth at the bank but on how well he rides and contributes to the sport. After the hunt, of course, we normally go our separate ways, just as members of a college football team might. Some belong to the right clubs and some don't, but this doesn't matter during the game."

In Middleburg one of the three hunts meets every weekday, so that a

continued



Mrs. Theo Randolph, as wife in her Victorian parlor after a ride, is master of Piedmont, one of oldest U.S. hunts.

MIDDLEBURG *continued*

really dedicated man can join all three and never find himself with nothing to do. The hunt season runs from mid-October into March (an informal training season for horses and hounds begins in September), and the hunt begins in the morning at 10 or 11. The hunters often go in motorcars to a selected farm a few minutes beforehand and park (them on the grass beside the vans and trucks that have brought over the horses and hounds. The men, women and children who will hunt are all impeccably dressed, for fox hunting is unbending on this score and deviationism will not be tolerated or excused in anybody. "I saw a boy riding with his coat unbuttoned the other day," a Middleburg lady said recently, "and I wanted to throw up."

As time passes, the hubbub of assembly gains volume, what with the chattering of friends, the introduction and assessment of strangers, the snuffing of horses and the building excitement of the pack of hounds. Smart foxes within earshot do well to move out at this time, but usually one lingers and, with luck, is shortly discovered in a covert as the hounds take to the field followed by the horsemen. The chase then is on, and the up-hill-and-down-dale pursuit that goes with it is a sporting, dangerous, exhilarating enterprise for all concerned. That the fox is the odds-on favorite to get away seat-free hooters no one. It is the careering over the creeks and fences and through the trees that is valued more highly than the brush of the fox, and the better the run—which may be as long as 15 miles—the more desire to let him go and find him another day. Once a week or so, the exertions of the hunt are followed by a breakfast, so called regardless of the hour, and the menu leans heavily on the salubrious benefits found in ham and eggs and bourbon.

A part from fox hunting, quite a social do is made in Middleburg each fall and spring for the race weekend, when more than the usual number of non-Virginians are seen on the sidewalks. The races of steeplechase and timber horses (which actually last only one day but serve as the excuse for a fair amount of dancing and partying) are held on Middleburg's Glenwood Park Course, through the courtesy of a wealthy town benefactor named Daniel C. Sands. Proceeds go to area hospitals, and the horses that run come from such horse-set outposts as Southern Pines, N.C., Camden, S.C., Ligonier and Unionville, Pa. The horses are appreciably below the caliber of those seen at major flat tracks in the U.S. but, then, people come to the races not to see Kelso and Carry Back but to see and be seen by one another.

Taking all this into account, the local chamber of commerce is prompted to say that Middleburg "is as quaint and unspoiled a community as one is likely to find anywhere in this modern world of jets and atoms," and it leads another citizen to say, "We don't want civilization intruding down here." But the worry is how long can Middleburg remain as it is? Virginia's Dulles International Airport has just opened halfway down the road to Washington, nearby towns are building up fast ("My God, they even have a golf course over in Warrenton," says a Middleburger) and the Kennedys, now building a home there, have unavoidably put Middleburg where it least wants to be: in the prying public's eye. "We need a chamber of commerce like a hole in the head," says one landed lady.

Of course, we don't mind if others of the horsey set move in," Tom Furness explains, "because these people appreciate what we stand for and won't break up the farms into the small pieces that make fox hunting impossible." The president of the bank goes on to say: "On the other hand, if wage earners and people who work with their hands—aircraft mechanics, for instance—should begin to settle here—well, fox hunting and a very pleasant existence will be snuffed out."

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

Providence Coach Joe Mullaney has become an expert at enduring uneasy moments. Last week, having seen his Friars collapse in the face of a late 15-point spree by St. Bonaventure and lose 83-71, Mullaney expected the worst when Dayton scored 15 straight points and led his team, 44-41, early in the second half in New York's Madison Square Garden. But then Yannie Ernst, a puckish little (5-feet-8) fellow, took over. He pestered Dayton's backcourt man by stealing games and led a furious fast break that left the Flyers gasping. Ernst's playmaking with Ray Flynn, Jim Stone and Bob Kovacki set up 26 points and Providence won, 84-72. Mullaney squirmed again when Niagara took a 12-point lead over Providence. But once more Ernst got the Friars moving and Niagara went down after 16 straight was, 102-78.

St. John's, bogged down in a losing season, was no match for taller and more talented Bowling Green. The Redmen moved the ball stylishly enough until they got a man free, but then he would drop the pass, miss the shot or find himself strangled by the upstretched arms of Bowling Green's 6-foot-11 Nate Thurmond. Meanwhile, the Falcons, with Thurmond blocking shots and Howie Komives scoring 21 points, won easily, 63-55. *Cavaliers*, too, had its troubles with Thurmond and Komives. Thurmond held Bill O'Connor, the nation's No. 4 scorer, to eight points before fouling out, while Komives scored 17 points to give Bowling Green a close 60-59 win.

Temple tried to use its smooth pattern offense against bigger LaSalle, but fruitlessly. The Explorers clogged the middle with a tight 2-3 zone, took charge of the boards and beat the Owls 76-64. *St. Joseph's* had things even easier. Jim Hoyle and Tom Wyrnie shot over St. Peter's 1-2-2 zone for nine baskets apiece, and the Hawks won 76-66. But the two top teams in Philadelphia's Big Five were now worried about Villanova. The improving Wildcats beat Duquesne 49-45, then upset Memphis State 59-54.

In the Ivy League, Princeton turned loose newly eligible Chuck Berling, a redhead with a sharp eye for the basket, and he gave Bill Bradley just the help he needed to knock Penn out of first place. Bradley's 22 points and Berling's 17 beat the Quakers, 70-58, and put Yale, a 74-72 overtime winner over Dartmouth, into the league lead.

In other games, NYU, with Happy Hairston back in good academic standing, beat Fairleigh Dickinson 70-62; Holy Cross outscored Dartmouth 87-70 and Boston College 74-61; Creighton defeated St. Bonaventure

81-74, and Seton Hall beat LIU 71-61 and Catholic U. 80-75. The top three:

1. ST. JOSEPH'S (24-3)
2. NYU (20-1)
3. PROVIDENCE (19-4)

THE SOUTH

In 17 straight games against West Virginia, *Furman* tried to run with the Mountaineers, and each time it lost the race. Last week the Paladins found a way to beat their old tormentors. They held the ball while the Mountaineers stewed, calmly shot their free throws (23 for 26) and refused to panic when West Virginia staged a late rally. Gerry Glur and Jerry Smith outshot the fabled Rod Thoms as Furman won, 59-58. West Virginia came back to beat Florida easily enough, 114-67, but Pitt took the Mountaineers right down to the very end before losing, 69-68. Encouraged, Virginia Tech came to life in the Southern Conference, beating VMI 77-66 and George Washington 74-70.

Kentucky's Adolph Rupp is no man to cry over a lost championship, not even after league-leading Georgia Tech just about eliminated his Wildcats from the Southeastern Conference race. Rupp could think Tech sophomore Ron Scharf for his unlikely predicament. Scharf's two jump shots in the final minutes overtook Kentucky 66-62. "We're not ashamed," said The Baron. "We're not embarrassed, either." Tech also beat Alabama 74-58 and now only Mississippi State, which defeated LSU 73-66, and Auburn, a bare 62-59 winner over Vanderbilt, have a chance to catch the Georgians.

Duke managed to shake its two most persistent challengers in the Atlantic Coast, at least for now. The Blue Devils, after coasting past South Carolina 88-70, outlasted North Carolina 77-69. Duke used a 2-3 zone to keep the Tar Heels outside, and its big men, Hack Tivon and Jay Buckley, played well inside. Meanwhile, Clemson upset Wake Forest, 71-70. The top three:

1. DUKE (20-3)
2. GEORGIA TECH (18-1)
3. MISSISSIPPI STATE (20-4)

THE MIDWEST

Somebody almost got Cincinnati—but not quite. *Drake*, coming off a 79-72 upset of Bradley, had the Hornets and then let them get away. Leading 56-53 with three minutes to go, the Bulldogs elected to shoot it out with Cincy instead of going into a stall, and almost before they knew it Tom Thacker led the score at 58-58. In the overtime, George Wilson and sub Gene Smith put in seven points and Cincinnati won on a bad

night, 65-60. Two nights later, against St. Louis, Cincy played what many felt was its best game ever. When the Bulls tried to double-team Thacker, Wilson and Ron Bortham made, Tony Yates shot over them for six field goals. When they went after Yates, the front court began scoring. After 10 minutes it was no contest as Cincinnati got its 35th straight, 70-40. Coach Ed Jucker was apologetic later when he met St. Louis Athletic Director Bob Stewart. "I'm sorry we had to be so good," he said. *Loyola*, the only other major unbeaten team, was still running and still winning. Washington of St. Louis gave the Ramblers a few anxious moments early, but they broke away for a 118-58 victory. Iowa tried a slowdown and it worked—for about eight minutes. Then Jerry Markness and his friends rolled on, winning 86-68.

Illinois, although idle, appeared to be running out of first-rate challengers in the Big Ten. Indiana, after a close call (78-73) against last-place Purdue, found it couldn't run with Northwestern and lost its first conference game, 100-87. Ohio State, Minnesota and Michigan fared better. The Buckles defeated Northwestern 72-70 and Purdue 97-91; Minnesota beat Wisconsin 69-68, and Michigan made it by Michigan State 72-71.

In the Big Eight, league-leading Colorado was concerned about Iowa State after the Cyclones whipped Missouri 78-66 and Kansas 69-57 for their fifth in a row. But the Buffs, who beat Oklahoma 77-68, will find out the facts soon enough. They meet Iowa State Feb. 16 at Ames. Among the independents, DePaul took Bowling Green 55-53 and Louisville 78-73, while Marquette beat St. John's 51-47 and lost to St. Louis 73-62. The top three:

1. CINCINNATI (27-0)
2. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO (26-0)
3. ILLINOIS (25-2)

THE SOUTHWEST

Texas turned in about the only performance anybody would want to put their eyes upon in the Southwest Conference last week. First TCU, 87-71, and then Texas A&M, 58-57, lost to independent Houston, no disgrace to be sure, as North Texas State, a 68-62 loser to the Cougars later, found out. But, just to make hand times worse for the Aggies, they were upset by Arkansas 66-55.

In the meantime, Texas bolstered its lead at the expense of weak TCU. After beating Trinity 88-54, the Longhorns defeated TCU 73-58, thanks largely to Jimmy Gilbert who sank 10 shots in 11 tries over the Frogs' slumpy zone.

Arizona State managed to get by Texas Western 63-60, but the Sun Devils were relieved when the Miners left Tempe. Western's 6-foot-8 Jim Barnes eluded Art Becker and Joe Caldwell for scored 27 points, and State almost lost the game when it went to a zone defense in the last 10 minutes. The Miners slipped through it to cut ASU's 10-

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK continued

point lead to 62-60 before Bobby Howard dropped in a clinching free throw with five seconds to go. The top three:

1. ARIZONA STATE (19-3)
2. TEXAS WESTERN (12-9)
3. TEXAS (10-8)

THE WEST

After watching opposing teams drift away from Walt Hazzard, his infallible passer, UCLA Coach Johnny Wooden decided it was time to change strategy. "Start taking those shots when you're open," he told Hazzard. Last weekend Hazzard took, and made, so many that UNC didn't have a chance against the Bruins. Hazzard scored 27 points Friday night, 27 more Saturday night and UCLA won, 77-65 and 86-72.

California, playing without Coach Rene Herberus, who was hospitalized for a gall-bladder operation, lost a 10-point half-time lead and a game to Oregon, 60-55. Cal was more tenacious the next night, however. Assistant Coach Bob Blake sent them out in a full-court press, and this so upset the Ducks that their errors cost them the game 79-58. Meanwhile, Stanford, the Big Six leader, found the same trouble in Seattle that UCLA discovered four weeks ago. Washington's defense tied up Tom Dose, and Charlie Han's hook shot, with four seconds to go, beat the Indians, 49-48.

Seattle's finely tuned fast break beat Loyola of Los Angeles 102-58 and St. Mary's 95-63, but it almost never got started against Oregon State. With 7-foot Mel Counts taking the rebounds and scoring 17 points before he left with a twisted ankle and Terry Baker quarterbacking a tight ball-control game, State slowed down the Chieftains, beating them 66-60. Idaho, after defeating Washington State three times this season, was upset by the Cougars, 66-57. But the Vandals came back to down Idaho State 90-61 as Gus Johnson, a 6-foot-6 transfer from Akron University and Boise Junior College, scored 37 points and got 25 rebounds.

Wyoming's Flynn Robinson, a sophomore who jumps, fades away and then lofts the ball from behind his head, generally into the basket, was the talk of the mountain country. And with good reason. He poured in 75 points as the Cowboys downed Denver 81-67 and Air Force 70-68. Colorado State, for once, gave up its "hold the ball" game and outran Montana State 100-83. Utah State hardly drew a deep breath as it took old rival Utah, 97-69. But the night wasn't a complete waste for Utah's milk-swigging Jack Gardner. His consolation prize, a gallon of milk and a two-foot slab of Swiss cheese from the Cache Valley Dairy Association. The top three:

1. OREGON STATE (28-8)
2. STANFORD (12-4)
3. UTAH STATE (10-3)

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NIKE: The sport in the West continued as the Los Angeles Lakers clinched their title in 15th game over the Celtics. Winning 114-101 they lost 20, and 42 of their next 26. The Lakers were in trouble-free line until they attacked New York on Tuesday, where the Knicks' last in the first, beat them 123-99 and, for some reason, All-Star Earl "Big Boy" Grant volunteered a finger mouster. The Knicks, meanwhile, went from third seed to the absurd Center Point (they had an appendicitis attack) and Center Clinic (Conley fractured a finger) loss. Red Sox fans, on the picking hands! New York could still swing a defense forward. Dave Rader, in guard Will Chamberlain ("It was ridiculous," said Chamberlain), on the frontbench 6-9 years now 125-101. "He could go play people like I can," said Chamberlain. "He could go play people like I can." The Knicks had a rough week, too. Losing two and winning two, but Detroit's Pistons could go no ground, losing all three and being forced to watch the Lakers' Elgin Baylor score his 10,000th NBA goal. Chicago was once lost, but, looking up from last place and wondering about their moving to Houston, which had to wait an NBA franchise and wouldn't need getting a player that included the Knicks' most impressive player this year, Terry Disinger. In the East, Boston kept up its usual winning pace, stretching its lead over Syracuse to single games, and getting some help from third-place Connecticut, which beat the Nets 123-115 after losing to the 113-117 earlier.

BOATING—ESCAPADE AND BOATERS the two 71-foot trail sails from California, tucked under the line a light 10-minute 35 seconds after the start of 48 miles had faded the line in Florida's 40-mile St. Petersburg-Fort Lauderdale race (see page 25). The escape finished first, but lost on corrected time to Davidson, Joe Ryan's 39-foot yacht.

BOBBLEDOGING—ITALY: developing the same combination of bold abandon and albaty that won it the two-man world championships the week before, finished 1-2 in the four-man event in Innsbruck, Austria. The U.S. sleds were seventh and eighth.

BOWLING—EARL JOHNSON of Minneapolis led the top prize of \$3,000 in the Professional Bowlers Association's U.S. Open and became the leading money winner on the PGA tour with earnings of \$8,000. Clinging with seven straight strikes, he had a 219 average or 32 games.

BOWLING—SUGAR RAY ROBINSON, 42, who once danced his way to world titles, showed little more than a shuffle as he won a controversial 10-round decision over Ralph Dixon in Miami Beach.

JOEY MAXIM, 40, struggling heavyweight who is now broke, has abandoned the ring for the stage and hopes to tour England as a comedian. "My trouble in this country," he said, "is that all they want are dirty comedians. I am a very clean guy."

GOLF—HERMAN BARBERN, 53-year-old pro from Palm Beach, shot four sub-par rounds at Port St. Lucie, Fla., to beat a record total of 381 and win the \$30,000 PGA Senior's golf tournament (see page 21).

JACK NICKLAU of Florida won a five-hole lead in the \$50,000 Palm Springs Classic, which was expected to give controversy, and ended up as a playoff with Gary Player. Nicklau, he went back to his hole game on Monday, showing a win-derful 65 to beat Player by eight strokes.

HARNESS RACING—GREAT LULLWATER, American-bred trotter that had not done much of a season for years, won the \$50,000 Prix de France, setting a track record at Vincennes against a field that included France's famed One.

HOCKEY—NIKE: Detroit moved back into outside contention with a 3-0 victory over New York that put the rugged Red Wings within three points of second place. Toronto's Mats Wilander shared that runner-up spot and Red Kelly scored three times and set up another goal for Joe Tonino in a stirring 6-1 victory over the Kings. The Kings held the league lead for only two points after a crushing 7-2 defeat of Los Angeles in a game that saw the normally icy Blades bleed an early return to the ice for a healthy three goals and two assists for the Black Hawks. Lyle Satchell's goals were a rare exception in Satchell's early return to the ice for a healthy three goals and two assists for the Black Hawks. Lyle Satchell's goals were a rare exception in Satchell's early return to the ice for a healthy three goals and two assists for the Black Hawks. Lyle Satchell's goals were a rare exception in Satchell's early return to the ice for a healthy three goals and two assists for the Black Hawks.

HORSE RACING—RIDIAN (31-40), a stepping 6-year-old colt, best racing horse, Karna and Karna, to win the Pacific Beach II handicap at Hollywood and add \$70,240 to his \$900,000-plus earnings.


MR. THUNE (37-30) was a member of a ship to the same team he won the 125-101 Western Handicap at Arcadia, Calif. the five important western race for 3-year-olds. The favorite Rik's worth 5 cents. Score 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2218-2219-2220-2221-22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WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC '63

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE POINTS

Sir:

I was elated to read Tex Maule's accurate description of the danger which accompanies betting on any athletic contest, whether it be professional or amateur (*The Shadow Over Pro Football*, Jan. 28). Certainly, the discovery of point-shaving in professional football would greatly injure the sport as it did college basketball in 1951 and 1961. Everything should be done to prevent such a disaster, as Mr. Maule so aptly points out.

JOHN JACOB

Williamstown, Mass.

Sir:

I smell some realism in the "hypothetical" point-spread example cited by Tex Maule. It sounds suspiciously, in fact exactly, like the circumstances in which Green Bay defeated Detroit in their first meeting during 1962.

If I could make "hypothetical" predictions like Tex Maule creates "hypothetical" point-spread cases, there would be no doubt about gambling in pro football. I'd bet every cent I have.

MARK G. ULIVICH

Philadelphia

Sir:

Tex Maule's prejudices are showing again! But he goes too far when he uses as an "example" of the point-spread system almost the exact situation that occurred in this season's first Detroit-Green Bay game.

This thinly veiled accusation does great harm to the fine effort of two great pro football teams by implying that Detroit threw the game by trying to get a three-point spread on Green Bay rather than sitting on a one-point lead.

I think SPORTS ILLUSTRATED OWES Detroit (and Green Bay) fans a clarification of its position and a clear statement of what it implied or didn't imply by this "example."

DAN HOULIHAN

Stevens Point, Wis.

● Any resemblance between Novelist *Jeremy Todd*, *Footsteps* Tex Maule's fictional football score and that of any actual football game, living or dead, was purely coincidental.—ED.

Sir:

Alex Karras was honest and sincere in telling the NFL big shots that he bet. I am positive it was a friendly bet and no foul play was involved.

EDWARD G. GRANTORS

Mount Pleasant, Pa.

MOSSIE BACKERS

Sir:

Many thanks for the most amusing but tremendously intuitive story of *Mossie Murphy's Crusade* (Jan. 28). It proves that the era of the individual is still with us, thanks to men like Mr. Murphy who have their singleness of purpose sewn on their sleeves.

KARI POMEROY

Cornwall, N. Y.

Sir:

Your article on Mossie makes me think there's hope after all for this stuffy old world, especially in a sport such as basketball, which has suffered such scandals.

If the good fathers with Mossie's enthusiasm could be directed to "proper channels," why don't they ask him? After all, what does it matter if the bread tossed on the water comes back Irish potato bread instead of petits fours?

And, if you'll pardon the expression, I'll "bet" that Mossie's wife wouldn't trade him even if she won't sit with him.

JOAN C. DALBY

Los Angeles

Sir:

We need more Mossie Murphys!

GIL SMITH

Colonia, N. J.

CLASS B.A.

Sir:

In your article on Mossie Murphy, Carnegie Tech is called a Class B school. Tech? Tech! When Tech beat Duquesne twice in 1959-60, Tech had one of its best-ever teams, finishing with a 15-9 record against opposition like Pitt, Duquesne, St. Francis and Penn State. This is hardly Class B.

It is now finals week at Carnegie, and the basketball team can't practice, due to the fact that the gym is used as an examination room. Alas, the perils of being an athlete at Tech! Some of us even get scholarships to grad school!

TOM TERPACK

Pittsburgh

PROFITABLE PAIN

Sir:

I read in this morning's *Washington Post* about Jack Nicklaus' aching left hip and that he had never been bothered by this before.

I have been predicting that Nicklaus was going to have hip pains ever since I read his golf article of several weeks ago in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (Dec. 10) about the new stance

he adopted to increase the length of his drive. This was to assume an open stance instead of a closed stance and to swing slightly to the left rather than to a slight right.

I tried his recommended stance the next day, and although I appeared to drive longer I came down with an excruciating hip pain.

H. MATTHEW

Washington

● Jack Nicklaus' open-stance swing did not hurt him too much in the \$50,000 Pulte Springs Classic.—ED.

YOUNG BLOOD

Sir:

I have just finished reading your fine article on Howie Young and the Detroit Red Wings (*High Voltage on the Detroit Ice*, Jan. 28). Having had a brief acquaintance with their coach, Sid Abel, it is easy for me to see that a team like Detroit would go all out for this man. Not only does he have plenty of hockey savvy, but he is a fine team leader. Arlie Schardt's story nicely reflects this in Sid's patience and careful handling of Howie Young.

Furthermore, your color photograph was excellent.

GERALD N. RODELLI

New York City

Sir:

High Voltage on the Detroit Ice does a grave injustice to professional hockey. The game can be both fast and exciting, within the bounds of the rules. The roughhouse tactics of Howie Young, as pictured, are, respectively, high-sticking, cross-checking and elbowing—all infractions of the rules. Surely *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* can picture the excitement of the world's fastest sport in a more suitable manner!

J. M. LASKY

H. V. HOWLOWAY

Lennoxville, Que.

Sir:

It is my belief that the credit for Detroit's success this year is attributable not to Howie Young's "putting his shoulder" to his opponents but to the wonderfully skilled play of such veterans as Gordie Howe, Marcel Pronovost and Terry Sawchuk, to mention a few, along with the excellent and inspired coaching of Sid Abel.

It would have been much better had you shown the strong face of Gordie Howe on your cover.

C. M. MACLACHLAN

Toronto

(continued)

THE OBLIGAT

To Lead is the most important obligation of a modern magazine. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED leads by speaking vigorously on the causes it makes its own. It has campaigned against corruption in professional boxing and college basketball. It has exposed signs of corrosion whenever and wherever its conscientious eye has found them.

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ION TO LEAD

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**Sports
Illustrated**



THE VIGOR WE NEED—July 16, 1962—President Kennedy's second article for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was both a progress report on youth fitness and an appeal to community leaders, school officials and parents for further cooperation and effort.

BETTER BOATING—May 21, 1962—More people owning boats means more boating problems. In a four part series four experts explained the way to solve them while increasing the pleasures of boating and decreasing the hazards.



SATURDAY'S HERO IS DOING FINE—Oct. 8, 1962—Chancellor Edward H. Litchfield of the University of Pittsburgh demolished a myth and proved that varsity players are as successful in the classroom and life as on the field.



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19TH HOLE *continued*

Sirs:

A fine tribute to a team which has given hockey the same lift that the Dodgers have given baseball over the years.

STEVE CLORHEINE

Long Island City, N.Y.

BUCKING BOXERS

Sirs:

It's only a small thing, the difference between opinion and fact, but fact seems to differ from the opinion of Stanley Karnow concerning spectator fascination with Thai boxing in *Moon and the King of Siam* (Jan. 28).

It has been my good fortune on several occasions to observe Thai boxing in Bangkok, before large and very enthusiastic crowds. The timing and finesse of Thai boxers are beautiful indeed, and their leg power (from greater leverage alone) is quite akin to the kick of a horse. Experienced boxers are able to execute combinations of 10 or more kicks and punches in less time than it takes to tell of it. Excitement and enthusiasm run so high that there is much ringside wagering in evidence.

Mr. Karnow says that Thai fighters must perform to the slow beat of drums and cymbals. Actually, the fight musicians accelerate the fight's tempo when the boxers start to slow down. Many of our own TV "waltzing matches" could benefit greatly from this little gimmick.

CAPE ALBERT H. WILSON, USAF
Lubbock, Texas

FAME AND FORTUNE

Sirs:

In your issue of December 10, in a Memo from the Publisher, you made a plea for contributions for the National Football Foundation's proposed new Hall of Fame building.

What for? Aren't football players, coaches, etc. glorified enough during their active careers? Why does this glorification have to be continued indefinitely? The same applies to other sports maintaining so-called Halls of Fame. Why does *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* pump for contributions for a Football Hall of Fame when it has not done so for other sports? Frankly, these Halls of Fame seem rather childish.

Certainly \$2 million could be used for many worthwhile sports projects such as playgrounds or sports equipment for poor neighborhoods, assistance to athletes in financial difficulties, financial assistance to sport groups touring abroad, etc. I haven't seen any *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* editorials urging contributions or promoting worthwhile projects of this type.

If there are to be Halls of Fame, let them be for medicine, science and so on, not for sports.

DON C. JENSEN

Washington

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Jean Baptiste Puse clowned his way into a brief fame as a hockey player. But then the laughs grew hollow by STAN FISCHLER

Hockey has had its share of implausible characters, but for unlimited fantasy on ice nobody has matched Montreal-born Jean Baptiste Piusie. A husky French-Canadian defenseman with an immense ego and a low-comedy accent, Piusie made his debut in the autumn of 1930 at the Montreal Canadiens' training camp.

Couch Cecil Hart was startled when the 20-year-old rookie entered his office, introduced himself, vigorously pumped his hand and declared: "Meestair 'art, Pewsee weel be see greatness. Hoot's 'ockey plays like me dat weel make dis game gon-u-lur."

Hart admired the youngster's off-ice exuberance but he detected two serious flaws in his playing technique. Pusie's heavy shot worked only when he had ample time to lower his head for a protracted wind-up. And his stick-handling was based on the notion that opponents never were closer than 10 feet to him. When Jean Baptiste skated, his eyes remained glued to the puck.

"Ship him to London for seasoning," Hart suggested to Manager Leo Dandurand, "and see what happens."

Pusic was depressed when he joined the London, Ontario, Tecumsehs of the International League but confident that he would yet be an NHL star.

In his first home game Pusie was fed a lead pass and broke into the clear. This was a perfect opportunity for Jean Hapiste to fire his unusual shot. He wound up in the classic style and hit the puck so hard it yanked the goalie's mitt from his hand. Both puck and glove sailed into the net.

Before the goalie could move, Puse dove into the cage, retrieved the glove and presented it to the goalieender with a low bow. He held his opponent's bare hand up to the crowd, carefully counted the fingers and said: "Dey are all dere. You are lucky-." He replaced the glove and condescendingly patted the goalie on the back.

"Pruce then leisurely strutted to center stage, a one-man parade, and the audience went wild," wrote the late Bill Roche, assistant sports editor of the *London Telegraph*.

The word got around that Pivik played an amusing kind of hockey, and London's arena was jammed for the next game. The crowd had come to see Jean Baptiste, and when the home team was awarded a penalty shot, fans demanded that Pivik take it. "I had no choice," said Coach Clem Loughlin. "He already owned the sport."

Only Pusie and the opposing goaltender remained on the ice. For a few seconds Jean Baptiste remained sphinxlike in the center of the rink, glaring wide-eyed at his enemy. Then he let out a shriek and dived frantically toward the net. When he reached the penalty shot line, he drew back his stick. The goalie tensed for the shot but Pusie never fired. He stopped short, spraying the goaltender with ice shavings. Then, placing stick and gloves on the ice, he skated to the goalie, courteously shook hands and returned to center ice.

Again Jean Baptiste began his rush, wound up for the shot and, this time, fired. But he had miscalculated. The puck dribbled off his stick and lazily rolled to the goal line, an absurdly easy stop. The goalie, however, was so mesmerized by Puse's overture he remained transfixed as the puck rolled past him into the net.

"Puse dashed to the goalkeeper, who was still stupefied," said Roche, "and kissed him on both cheeks. That woke him up. He grabbed his stick and went for Puse's head. Too late. Puse already was strutting back to center ice on his way to fame as a hockey coner."

Following his season at London, Pusie moved to Regina in the Western Canada League. His most notable performance that season was a bit of philanthropy during a game in which Pusie's team was winning 18-0, every goal having been scored by Jean Bannock. With one

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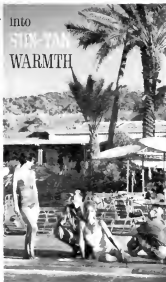
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Jean Pusie

minutes remaining, Pusie began another rush. Only this time he abruptly wheeled at center ice, skated back toward the Regina goaltender and fired the puck into his own net. "Sorry," he explained, "I feel bad about that poor team."

Despite his shenanigans, Pusie still was aiming for an NHL berth. In 1932-33 he led the Western League in scoring, while playing for Vancouver. The New York Rangers purchased him, but the best he could do was score two assists in 19 games. "As a character, he was wonderful," recalls Frank Boucher, a member of the Rangers at the time, "but he didn't have enough ability."

A year later he was acquired by the Boston Bruins, played a few games and was dispatched to their farm club, the Bruin Cubs.

A nonconformist

Pusie's lifelong ambition to play in Montreal finally was realized in 1935 when the Canadiens purchased him from Boston. He scored two assists but was remembered for other things. "The players weren't fond of him," says Elmer Ferguson, columnist of *The Montreal Star*. "He had a bad habit of never taking a bath. He was a crazy sonofagun and not good enough for the NHL."

Jean Baptiste wound up with St. Louis in the American Association as garrulous as ever. At times he defied everyone on the ice—including his own teammates—and then challenged any or all of the fans to battle. When the club was winning, he'd grow a beard and often comb his hair in the midst of a game, or pause to chat with the fans.

After the Canadiens dropped him, it became apparent even to optimistic Jean Baptiste that he was a failure. His comedy became overly conscious, strained and sad. "He was at his best," said Roche, "in the early days when his stuff was spontaneous. He finally carried things too far and got into trouble tangling with the fans and the police."

Pusie retired from hockey in 1942 and died of a heart attack in Montreal on April 23, 1956. He was 45.

"You really had to be in the rink to believe what he did," says Boucher. "His split-second timing and crazy face movements were as good as a vaudeville act. But in the end, you'd have to say he was a tragic guy. Too bad. If he was half as good on the ice as he was funny, he'd be in the Hall of Fame."

END



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